The Dan Schorr Affair *John Osborne*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts – November 27, 1971, 50 cents

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Taking Stock

We sat staring moodily at the television set the other night as Mr. Nixon in the middle of a statement snapped on that winsome smile of his and said that he knew Phase II is going to work because of "the enormous public support" behind it. For Lyndon Johnson such a questionable utterance would have brought hoots of disdain but for Mr. Nixon we just let it pass; what's the use. If ever there was a nation whose mood is cranky, grumpy and morose this is it. Most of the public, we think, can't make head or tail of Phase II; and what Mr. Nixon interprets as "enormous support" is just the universal hope that maybe things will turn out better this time than they did in Game Plan I, which he abandoned like a sinking ship last August 15.

Well, the odd thing is, we think they will. Get better, we mean. We know what an outrageous statement this is at a time when being optimistic is as unfashionable as wearing a mini-skirt at a funeral but there it is; we just think the economy is going to improve almost no matter what Mr. Nixon does.

One reason is that Phase II finally accepts the fact that economists have been writing about for 40 years, ever since Berle and Means invented the phrase "administered prices." The old theory of Adam Smith and Alfred Marshall and Keynes and all the rest was that the law of supply and demand would ultimately regulate prices and jobs in the market place. But Gardiner Means told Congress again just last year that that isn't the way things work anymore; that the Nixon Game Plan I would collapse in a year or so. It did. The Nixon plan was built on the old theory that if you depressed the economy, the resulting unemployment and idle plants would end inflation after a while, like holding a man's head under water to cool him off. He would either calm down or drown. Mr. Nixon introduced a planned recession, but inflation kept right on.

It didn't work because power is now concentrated so narrowly in big corporations, and the big unions they deal with, that a recession doesn't drive down prices. They are "administered." Recently we had the example of the steel industry, flat on its back from high prices and with foreign steel flooding the country, and yet it gave a big wage boost to workers and set new high prices for its own products. It passed the load on to consumers in a concentrated industry.

Nobody has explained this better than the Hon. John N. Mitchell, Attorney General, who, in a speech June 6, 1969 said that in 1948 the nation's 200 largest industrial firms controlled 48 percent of the manufacturing assets. "Today," he added, "these firms control 58 percent while the top 500 firms control 75 percent of the assets." All we can say is that if this sensational information has now seeped down to Mr. Mitchell it is pretty widespread and must be accepted. Mr. Nixon accepts it in his Phase II program, which is largely based on it.

He has set up three tiers of corporations whose prices the government will monitor, with the biggest on top—the monsters with annual sales of $100 million or over. America's top 1300 corporations. If you monitor them you pretty well monitor the economy on the industrial production side; they probably account for 90 percent of the manufacturing assets of the nation. Their decisions are webbed together by banks. A staff report to Congress in 1968 found that the trust departments of the 49 largest commercial banks held $607 billion in assets. But never mind the figures, the point is that the old *laissez faire*, free enterprise economy of supply-and-demand that Herbert Hoover used to worship now belongs pretty much to American folklore. It is naturally left to a Republican President to quietly accept the fact and to base his policy upon it, all the while announcing that governmental controls are only temporary. Well, we imagine a lot of the controls will be dropped, sure enough; but we also guess that some will be kept from now on, and that things will never be the same again. This is a new era.

Mr. Nixon plays along with business leaders, and they know and understand him: just the other day he addressed a series of $500-a-plate GOP financing campaign dinners on closed-circuit TV and raised $5 million like shaking dimes out of a piggy bank. It should give everybody a cozy feeling that the country is in good hands; power and politics go together. Now that the old-fashioned notion of supply and demand has been dropped he may be able to keep them in line.

Every effort abroad to manage an economy by an incomes policy (*i.e.*, what Mr. Nixon is trying now) has failed, so far as we know; what makes us think this one will succeed? Largely because we think the recession hit bottom last year sometime and is gradually getting better anyway, though you may not have noticed it. The funny thing is that several of the top men administering the new Nixon program think so too—George Shultz, head of Budget and Management, and Herbert Stein, member of the Council of Economic Advisers who is a spokesman for the program. They are allied to the new monetarist school of Professor Milton Friedman, which believes that the amount of credit available from the Fed turns on prosperity or shuts it off, like water from a faucet. It's all pretty recondite, but the important thing is that they prayerfully believe that the economy is getting better, slowly, and will continue to do so, if Arthur Burns, head of the Fed, will just keep the credit faucet on. Their slogan is "In Arthur We Trust." Phase II is just a kind of icing on the cake. In a dubious comment, Mr. Stein said that it had "a fighting chance" to succeed. But what does that matter, if the old business cycle is turning up anyway?

In April 1970, Mr. Nixon told a press conference, "Frankly, if I had any money I'd be buying stocks right now." The Dow Jones Industrial Average stood at 735 and promptly dropped 10 points. By May 1970, it was down to 631. Taking the formula 735=100, a Mutual Fund that invested $10,000 on Mr. Nixon's advice would have declined to $8700. But then stocks rallied. They shot up to 950 after he froze wages and prices, or an increase of around 30 percent. The "Nixon Fund" was worth $13,300. Stocks have fallen since then but last week the Fund still showed a comfortable $11,200 or so. As Democrats ruefully remark, it all goes to prove that Mr. Nixon was wise to adopt a policy they urged. Indeed, he abandoned his aversion to Peking, Moscow and a managed economy all at about the same time.

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Getting Thieu Through '72

Richard Nixon does not intend "to see this nation accept the first defeat in its proud 190-year history," and the corollary of that is that he does not intend to preside over the collapse of our client regimes in Indochina. But in the modern world not even the most super superpower can indefinitely maintain satellite governments 8000 miles from its shores (6000 miles, if we are thinking of Hawaii). And even assuming the viability and the reliability of the governments of our choosing and our financing in South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, the American people are bound to become increasingly skeptical about whether the huge investments required are worth it. Other great powers have played this game – the French, the Italians, the British, the Germans. Japan tried to make it work as late as 1940; Portugal is still at it. But remote control by money and technology has a limited life. The Nixon Doctrine will soon seem as antiquated as Empire or the co-prosperity sphere. Meanwhile, the President thinks he can pull it off: winning a civil war in Southeast Asia by repeated, heavy doses of US air and naval power, and aid, and disarming his domestic critics by keeping the casualty rate low and bringing most of the combat troops home. In the short run he might succeed – getting Thieu through '72 and Nixon too. In the longer run he won't. The Asians will take charge.

"Cambodia is the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form," the President told the press on November 12. It took form initially with the invasion of Cambodia by US forces in April 1970, staged, the President reported, "to protect our men who are in Vietnam and to guarantee the continued success of our withdrawal and Vietnamization program." A week later, he remarked that if he were to follow the advice of the doves and simply withdraw from Indochina, the enemy would "come into Vietnam and massacre the civilians there by the millions." Four days later he judged the Cambodian expedition an "enormous success," so much so that he thereupon requested an additional $250 million in aid for Cambodia (about $240 million more than was authorized the preceding year), and invited "third countries . . . to furnish Cambodia with troops or material." The $250 million, the President said, was "probably the best investment in foreign assistance that the US has made in my political lifetime." In the following year and a half, he withdrew a substantial number of

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combat soldiers from Vietnam. He also requested $341 million for Cambodia for fiscal '72, which suggests that the fewer the number of men whose withdrawal must be protected, the more it will cost. The $341 million is not all that will be spent, of course. It does not include CIA operations, or the surplus arms and equipment the US will turn over to the Cambodians. Nobody knows how much in the way of surplus arms has already been dumped into Southeast Asia. Senator Symington has been trying for months to find out, without much success. Senator Fulbright has asked for a monthly report from the Pentagon on exactly what we are doing, what we are putting into Laos and Cambodia; he is not told. Bureaucracy is expert at passing the buck. "A large part of the data requested by you," the Pentagon informed Fulbright earlier this month, "is not known to the Dept. of Defense because it concerns the operations of other government departments or agencies."

What we do know is that the amount is enormous and the end is not in sight. Whatever the Nixon Doctrine promises, it doesn't promise total withdrawal. "This idea that somehow or other the Nixon Doctrine means that we will not have air or sea power in Asia," Mr. Laird says, "is a great mistake because that isn't part of the partnership theory under which we are operating." The President adds that in the absence of a negotiated settlement, we must keep "a residual force"

"Oh, those aren't combat troops, Senator. They're only fliers."

over there, "in order to continue our role of leaving South Vietnam in a position where it would be able to defend itself from a Communist takeover." However, that is not Mr. Nixon's only reason. "A very primary reason" for keeping a residual force in Vietnam, is that we must have "something to negotiate with, with regard to our prisoners." Five hundred thousand American troops could not pry the prisoners loose, but 50,000 might help do it! At no time has the President bothered to acknowledge or treat seriously Hanoi's repeated statement that once he sets a withdrawal date, it will provide for the safety of our forces as they pull out, guarantee the release of all POWs and prevent reprisals. The President would not like to have it put this way, but in effect Hanoi has given him a choice between abandoning Thieu or abandoning the prisoners. He thinks he dare not give up either; that is his dilemma. And not his only dilemma. For his doctrine requires constant transfusions of dollars and arms to anti-Communist military regimes in Southeast Asia, while he simultaneously seeks a detente with those billion Chinese, in fear of whom the US intervened in Indochina a decade ago.

Some idea of the costs can be glimpsed by surveying past and planned military assistance to the three Indochinese states. The figures the public has access to understate the reality, for they do not include a variety of hidden expenditures. Even so, whereas aid to Cambodia in fiscal 1970 was $8.9 million, two years later the requested authorization was over 37 times higher. For Laos, the 1970 aid bill was $118.4 million; for the coming fiscal year it will be at least $189 million. Military aid for South Vietnam in 1970 was $2,049,100,000; in fiscal 1972 it is expected to be about two and a half billion dollars.

The cost to the Indochinese is incalculable by any dollar measurement; they pay in the currency of refugees, orphans, cripples, corpses. From 1966 until June of this year, our fliers had flown 25,546 sorties over Cambodia; 280,000 over North Vietnam; 505,000 over Laos; 762,650 over South Vietnam. The air war goes ahead full speed. We are dropping about 70,000 tons of bombs each month over Indochina, and by the end of this year twice the weight of bombs will have fallen on this area – the size of Texas – as were dropped in World War II and the Korean war.

Congress could set the country on a different, less destructive course, but not by such ambiguous and open-ended declarations on withdrawal as the one it attached to a $21.4 billion bill for weapons and Pentagon research, and which the President simply dismissed last week as "without binding force or effect."

In 1968, Mr. Nixon said he had a plan to end the war. He did; he is following it; it is to get peace by winning the war but without losing the next election – a refinement of an early and abandoned Lyndon Johnson plan to let Asians fight Asians. In its "purest form," the doctrine is bull.

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Chrome Plated Blunder

Included in the military procurement authorization bill which President Nixon signed on November 17 is an amendment permitting the importation of chrome from Rhodesia, a country we've not dealt with since 1966, after Ian Smith's racist, white minority government had grabbed independence from Britain and the UN Security Council voted an embargo on trade. Last week, 106 members of the General Assembly voted to caution the United States that buying chrome would violate the UN Charter.

For the US unilaterally to resume chrome purchases, flouting its responsibilities under the UN Charter – a treaty commitment with the force of domestic law under our Constitution – should require something more than the pretext offered by the author of the amendment, Senator Harry F. Byrd, Jr. of Virginia. Byrd's case was based on the fact that chromium ore is a strategic mineral used in steel alloys needed for aircraft, missiles and other military purposes, and that the Soviet Union, currently America's major supplier, could cut off the supply at any time. Since the Senate had never ratified President Johnson's executive order halting trade with Rhodesia, and since the Russians have tripled their asking price for chrome, and since *not* buying from Rhodesia is somehow an interference in its internal affairs, Byrd saw no reason for the US not to resume chrome purchases.

While it is true that the US imports 58 percent of its chrome from the Soviet Union, it is also true that even before the embargo, 50 percent of our chrome came from Russia. Nor is chrome in short supply in the US. About 91,000 tons are consumed each year for defense or strategic purposes; the current US stockpile is 5.35 million tons. The administration has asked Congress to authorize releasing 1.3 million tons of *excess* chromium from the stockpile – enough for 10 years' defense needs. In the first four months of this year, nations other than the Soviet Union supplied us with 143,000 tons of chromium – 1.5 times our current annual defense consumption. In brief, we don't need Rhodesian chrome. Moreover, other chromium exporting countries have raised their prices along with the Soviet Union. Byrd's argument that the Senate hadn't ratified the embargo has no force; there was no legal reason to. Under the UN participation act of 1945 executive orders suffice to implement UN sanctions.

The Byrd proposal got support from US firms with chromium interests in Rhodesia, from knee-jerk anti-Communists, from racist southerners, and from members who wanted to snub the UN for admitting China and expelling Taiwan. The White House opposed the amendment, sort of: an Assistant Secretary of State wrote a letter to Senator Gale McGee saying the Byrd amendment would "seriously undercut" attempts to settle the Rhodesia problem.

Byrd had been unable to get Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee to report out his amendment, so he got it reported by Senator Stennis' Armed Services Committee. Senator McGee introduced on the floor an amendment to delete the Byrd amendment but it failed 46 to 36. Senator Fulbright then tried to give the President discretionary authority to ignore the intent of the Byrd amendment; his proposal passed, then was reconsidered and defeated 44 to 36. The Byrd majorities in the roll calls came from the South and from Republicans, including Robert Dole, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Later the House approved the Byrd amendment by a vote of 252 to 101.

Congress could not have acted at a worse time as far as the British are concerned. Their foreign secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, is in Rhodesia trying to achieve an accommodation satisfactory to all Rhodesians – black and white. An important bargaining counter is the blockade, which has not been entirely successful but which, nevertheless, has worked well enough for Ian Smith to want to be rid of it. Mr. Nixon wanted the military procurement bill and so he signed it despite his opposition to the Byrd provision, wagering that by January 1, the effective date of the legislation, Britain will have worked something out with Ian Smith to end the embargo before we have an opportunity to breach it. Whether or not the US actually, physically, violates the blockade the diplomatic damage can't be undone.

The President's signature on the military procurement authorization bill won't destroy the UN but it won't do much for the US. Thirty-eight of the 41 African members of the UN resolved early this month that removing the US import ban on chrome would "undermine the basis for state responsibility for mandatory sanctions imposed by the Security Council." That's a fair description of what Congress has done. And some day, when UN sanctions are useful, it may regret it.

Pension Protection

The administration has settled an internal debate, and seems ready to propose its long-expected bill on private pensions. Last year it offered legislation to prevent pension-fund managers from making risky or unauthorized investments; this fiduciary regulation, as it's called, will surely be offered again in some form, since so many congressmen favor it. But any attempt to regulate the conditions of payment to pensioners will meet opposition. On such matters, the administration is inclined to agree with big business that it's best not to meddle with private contracts. This approach satisfies organized labor too, which except for a few independent groups like the UAW and the Steel Workers, has been apathetic about legislated pension reform. Labor leaders prefer keeping control of pen-

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sion terms within the unions.

When he spoke to a small-business conference early this November, presidential assistant Peter Flanigan revealed some details likely to be in the new administration bill. He said the government will probably ask for vesting after 10 years' service or partial vesting after a combination of service and age totaling 50 years. This means an employee would be guaranteed *some* pension income if he worked for a company 10 years, or his age and length of service added up to 50. Legislation will include the standard provisions against fund mismanagement and a special tax credit for people who want to fund their pensions independently. But these reforms may not come together in a single bill. Flanigan didn't think the White House would favor termination insurance (guaranteed benefits for those laid off or fired), funding standards (insurance to prevent pension funds from going bankrupt) or portability (allowing employees to change jobs without losing credit for years of service). The administration doesn't believe these benefits would justify their cost.

The new legislation is expected to come in bits and pieces – as amendments to earlier bills and the IRS tax code – making it easy to separate the popular from the unpopular. The Senate Labor subcommittee, however, is determined to keep pension reform in one package, so that fiduciary legislation will carry some guarantee that workers will actually see benefits. Senator Jacob Javits (R, NY), the committee's ranking Republican, has written and introduced a comprehensive proposal (S2) which has the endorsement of Senator Kennedy. Among other things, it would require partial vesting at six years' service, establish funding standards and allow employees to retain pension credits even if they change jobs. (See "The Pension Gamble," *NR* Aug. 21 & 28.) Senator Robert Griffin (R, Mich.) and Rep. John Dent (D, Pa.) have introduced bills similar to the legislation described by Flanigan. Although the White House proposals may offer nothing new in the field of pension reform, at least they will give support to the drive for minimum vesting standards. Last year's bill avoided this controversial area. Flanigan's talk with business leaders indicates the administration now is ready to compromise with reformers in Congress.

The Nursing Business

There are approximately 23,000 nursing homes in the US, 90 percent of them profit-making, and a good number of them belonging to chains listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Selling health care isn't wrong; many of the best hospitals are proprietary. But in this case, the dominant presence of the profit motive does not speak well for an "industry" which has already earned a reputation for callousness. Of these homes, more than 11,000 are approved to receive federal money under Medicare and Medicaid as "skilled" medical facilities. Using nearly $2 billion in public funds a year, they have become understandably distressed about HEW plans to revise federal regulations. According to one official of the American Hospital Association, nursing-home construction has increased tremendously in the last 10 years, creating overnight a new, relatively unregulated medical field. He added that, taken as a whole, nursing homes offer "the most deficient health care facilities" in the nation.

In a memo sent to the Secretary of HEW in February, 1971, department officials stated that there were "Medicaid patients in homes which do not meet the standards," and that "the department has no effective procedures for detecting noncompliance and enforcing adherence to standards." The report cited several recent events which it said "underscored the timeliness" of HEW concern for nursing-home conditions. In close succession, a Medicaid task force had called this "a neglected program area"; Rep. David Pryor (D, Ark.) had stirred publicity with an all-day forum on nursing home deficiencies; an epidemic of salmonellosis killed 28 residents of a Baltimore nursing home, where a TV newsman happened to be filming a documentary; and Ralph Nader had just released his report on nursing homes in Massachusetts. There were histories of negligence, fires, stories of patients being overdrugged, underfed, and sometimes strapped to beds. By January, HEW felt it had to do something.

The memorandum to the secretary listed seven steps HEW could take to "reassert the department's role" in raising standards of care for the elderly, including expanded federal authority, increased staff, and funding for experimental projects. Mr. Nixon picked up the less controversial of them for his speech August 6 announcing a new drive to "improve the enforcement efforts" of HEW. He added his own proposals to gather all nursing-home supervision into one office of HEW and to have the federal government assume the full burden of state inspection costs.

States have not been able to keep up their half of the Medicaid agreement, which requires them to enforce federal standards on homes receiving federal aid. William Hutton, executive director of the National Council of Senior Citizens, who has served on the Maryland board of examiners for nursing home administrators, says state governments are too cozy with home operators to be strict with them; he knows of one Maryland state legislator who owns a chain of 10 homes himself. Dates of "surprise inspections" are often leaked in advance, giving owners time to borrow equipment and staff for the occasion. Homes that don't take Medicare or Medicaid patients are required to meet only state regulations, if there are any. In some states, nursing homes circumvent the law by regularly taking patients' social security checks as payment – thus receiving federal money without sub-

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mitting to federal health standards.

Until now, federal inspectors have not looked at Medicaid institutions and have had little time to check state enforcement of Medicare standards. After Mr. Nixon's speech, Secretary Richardson sent out a first-assualt survey team scheduled to report back on November 15 with evidence on states that aren't following federal regulations. Mr. Richardson has said he "will not hesitate" to punish states that are out of compliance, but Medicaid laws make it awkward for him to act. To enforce a ruling against a state, he has no choice but to stop all of its Medicaid funds at once, possibly bankrupting the fit along with the unfit homes. No one expects that to happen.

The White House Conference on Aging convenes in Washington on November 28, and the administration will be anxious to show something substantial in nursing-home reform. Most of the President's proposals will take time to bring results, perhaps as long as two or three years. Several require congressional approval, and after that may take months to develop.

The National Council of Senior Citizens is watching for early signs of the administration's commitment. Soon, for example, HEW will have to decide whether it wants to put into effect new regulations forbidding nursing-home owners from holding a majority membership in state boards that examine home administrators. The Senior Citizens argue that creating a provessional corps of administrators will improve the general quality of nursing-home care. Owners and stockholders today hold majorities on licensing boards in 20 states, and they are lobbying strongly to keep regulations as they are. But the new regulations have run their full 30 days in the *Federal Register*, and HEW must make a decision that is bound to anger one of two lobbies. To the Senior Citizens Council, the change would be "an important victory"; for the American College of Nursing Home Administrators, "a dangerous precedent."

The administration's action so far has been to enforce laws neglected since 1968. The question of who should sit on state licensing boards first came up when HEW heard complaints that nursing home owners were violating sections of the 1968 Social Security Act by holding majority membership on the boards. But HEW did nothing until September of this year when it proposed to break the control of boards the industry has in 20 states. Stricter federal fire standards announced on October 28, a few days after a nursing home fire in Honesdale, Pa. killed 15 patients. Rep. Pryor flew to the scene himself and returned the next day to make an impassioned speech in Congress citing the "inadequacy of Medicare fire safety standards." HEW, due to testify in a congressional hearing, made the timely decision to update its fire code.

The administration doesn't seem ready to take the strong steps recommended by congressmen who have made nursing-home quality their professional concern. Senator Frank Moss (D, Utah), a member of the Special Committee on Aging, says Mr. Nixon has "touched only one of five root causes" of inadequate care for the aged; he intends to introduce 20 proposals late this month. Rep. Pryor, who hasn't been able to persuade the House that it should have an equivalent committee, has introduced a bill to apply HEW standards to all nursing homes that take federal money. He will ask Congress to authorize salaries for 200 new federal inspectors as well. These bills, if approved, would take the administration farther than it has offered to go on nursing-home reform.

Bearding the Beast

After jabbing for six years at federal regulatory agencies, corporations like General Motors and DuPont, the State of California and other impediments to the public welfare, Ralph Nader is finally bearding the mother beast. He's going to investigate the House of Representatives and the Senate, not from hate but from love. "Nothing remotely compares with the Congress as the hope of reclaiming America," he told a National Press Club luncheon earlier this month. "In reclaiming the Congress America revolutionizes itself."

Nader's magnum opus – "probably the most comprehensive and detailed study of the Congress since its establishment" – will scrutinize every representative in every district and every senator in every state, find out how they run their campaigns, where they get their money and for whom they perform favors. Then Nader's microscope will move to Washington: inspect every committee, every congressional rule, expose how every rule is broken, show why congressmen listen to one interest group and not another, discover where Congress gets its information, how it interacts with the executive. Once the study has dissected Congress, it will suggest how it should be out back together.

Nader wants the report to provide, for the first time, "citizen-oriented information" about Congress and congressmen. Now, the most detailed studies sit in trade-association files. "We don't want congressmen to be unnecessarily frightened," says project director Robert Fellmuth. Fellmuth sent letters to every office on Capitol Hill, asking for "enthusiastic" support. Several congressmen have replied and are eager to tell all; most have had no comment. "Congress is a goldfish bowl," said Rep. Gerald Ford (R, Mich.). "Let Ralph Nader plunge in."

The project staff is a bit awed by its undertaking. "The logistics of something like this are mammoth," Fellmuth says. Since May, his preliminary staff of 15 (including lawyers, an English Ph.D., a psychologist, a housewife, and a nun) has been working in the basement of a Washington bank, compiling thick

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memos on every description of Congress since the *Federalist Papers*. Now Fellmuth is assembling an 80-person task force in Washington and an army of 500-1000 volunteer students and professionals spread across every congressional district. Nader estimates the study will cost $100,000. He'll get the money from speeches, writings, and the remnant of his $450,000 settlement from General Motors.

Fellmuth hopes to publish the report "in time for an election" – which means any time between next October and late 1973. It will be very long – the congressmen's profiles alone will run thousands of pages – but "more people will read it than you think," Fellmuth believes. The idea has completely captivated Nader. In past summers his Raiders have juggled up to eight projects at once, but the Congress study is one to end all others. "This is it," Nader says.

Wants and Needs

The chairman of General Mills, James McFarland, told 300 of his company's executives last week that business should, for its own good, become a part of the consumer movement: "It is better for industry to regulate itself on a voluntary basis than to stand idly by while others take over control. . . . If we agree that consumer laws are essentially an accumulation of what the consumer constituency wants, then what action the government takes is less important in the long run than determining what the consumer wants in the first place and giving it to her."

What is done voluntarily is much more appealing to everyone than legally commanded conduct and the threat of penalties. Mr. McFarland sees the role of his company as providing wholesome, nutritious and appealing foods; Big G's policy requires conveying nutritional information about its products to consumers clearly and accurately and to work toward better nutritional education, McFarland said. General Mills has long been interested in the area of nutrition, but deciding to make it a major selling point is something new. Until recently the company's executives believed that nothing advertised on the basis of its nutritional qualities would sell, because consumers are indifferent to nutrition and care mainly about taste, texture, eye appeal, convenience and cost. General Mills' marketing surveys appear to reinforce that belief. Therefore, nutrition labeling and nutrition advertising are not so much a matter of giving the consumer what she wants as of giving her what she needs. There may even be a place in all this for compulsory nutrition standards and mandatory nutrition labeling. Not everyone in the food industry shares Mr. McFarland's view of company responsibility, made keener by the threat of legislation.

Thirty Million Dollars Later

Foiled Sky Marshals

American jets were being hijacked all through the 60s (117 attempts – 67 got to Cuba), but it wasn't until Palestinian guerillas exploded three jets in the desert that the federal government got really mad. Last October, President Nixon set out to stop "piracy in the skies" by putting gun-toting sky marshals on board jets and elaborate passenger-screening systems on the ground. Now, one year, $30 million in federal funds, and millions of disgruntled passenger-hours later, the results are in. There were 27 attempted hijackings, the same number as one year before the program started. Fourteen hijackers got where they wanted this year, compared to 20 the year before.

Some skeptics wonder whether the gain is worth the costs. At first, Mr. Nixon ordered agents from the FBI, Justice Department, the Pentagon and the Customs Bureau to ride guard on the jets. But beginning last December, the Customs Bureau recruited 1300 men and women specially for the job. Prospective sky marshals attend one month's training at Fort Belvoir, Va., where they study judo, arrest techniques, learn to shoot torsos at 15 meters and take multiple choice exams on lectures presented by Treasury Department officials. "It's a good beginning for a law enforcement career," says a Customs spokesman. "Almost everyone passes."

The Customs Bureau doesn't have enough sky marshals for every plane that flies, so it rations them among flights which experience shows are most vulnerable to hijacking. Flights from New York to Miami and San Juan are popular, so are southern coastal routes touching Texas and New Orleans. Unfortunately, skyjackers don't always take the planes the Federal Aviation Administration expects. Only one of the 27 planes hijacked this past year had sky marshals on it – three, in fact, in the lounge, first class, and economy section. The flight, an American 747, ended up in Havana. The sky marshals remained in their seats because they feared their intervention would endanger the stewardess' life. Most of the 13 hijackers who failed were persuaded to surrender by members of the flight crew, not by sky marshals. A hijacker was physically thwarted in one incident when an off-duty airline pilot wrestled an ice pick from his hands.

Under the FAA program, hijackers should never get beyond airport gates. Passengers on most international flights must pass through magnetometers which can detect metal weapons (but not explosives), and marshals on the ground inspect carry-on baggage. The key to the screening system is a cherished behavior profile, a conglomeration of physical, psychological and behavioral characteristics which FAA psychologists say fit 90 percent of past hijackers. Anyone who

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fits the profile is stopped and searched. Gate officials, aided by 230 US marshals from the Justice Department, may find nothing suspicious, and still not let the profile suspect on board.

The profile is the airline industry's best kept secret. "If a guy knew what was in the profile he'd know how to avoid it," says Customs spokesman Brian Lee. Some hijackers have got around it anyway: two of them simply walked onto the flight field and entered the jet without buying a ticket. Others get by because the airlines are careless. Over 170 million passengers flew last year, but FAA estimates only 50-100 million were screened. Finally, half of the hijackers in the past year didn't fit the profile at all – it was based on hijackers who took their planes to Cuba, according to James Murphy, director of FAA's Office of Airport Security. Most hijackers have been "homesick Cubans," which might explain why the profile reportedly stops people who are short, dark and slender. Sometimes the sky marshals themselves fit the profile. Marshals tell amusing stories about how they unwittingly watch out for each other.

So far, the FAA program has been voluntary – "we urge, coerce and cajole the airlines to participate," says Murphy. All of the 28 major scheduled American airlines have used some ground screening procedures, but only 18 carry sky marshals. "We don't like them," says Capt. Michael Finello of Eastern, the most hijacked airline in the business. "We took on the sky marshals reluctantly. They do the least amount of good. Having weapons on board is apt to provoke violence." The airlines don't like the expense, either. Each magnetometer costs at least $1200; a major airline must buy at least 200. Sky marshals take up seats which regular passengers might otherwise pay for, and they eat a lot, too – $500,000 worth of meals on TWA last year. Eastern doesn't think the "security" is worth it. The airline sank over $1 million into the program last year, and lost only $15,000 in direct costs in six hijackings.

The authorities are nevertheless convinced that because there are sky marshals, people who would have hijacked didn't. Security officials find "many weapons discarded in potted palms and in the bathrooms," Murphy says, "and there are people who see the screening gate and put their tickets on the counter and run away." In the future, the FAA intends to concentrate on ground security. Antihijacking administrators have proposed requiring every airline to beef up its screening forces at every one of the nation's 531 airports, at every ticket counter and every gate. "The program is only as good as our weakest link," says Murphy. "A guy can fly from Dayton and Indianapolis and still end up in Algeria and Cuba." One hijacked a jet in Albuquerque. FAA is already planning extra precautions for planes flying from anywhere to San Diego, since radical groups are calling massive Evict Nixon rallies at the Republican convention next summer. Murphy says the FAA filters information from 20 intelligence agencies, from Interpol to the Secret Service, and bolsters security accordingly. Flights to any town with large antiwar demonstrations are always suspect.

There's a by-product to all this enterprise. The hijacking program has trapped 1100 persons for other offenses. The behavior profile has weeded out over 400 who were carrying drugs or narcotics, over 400 illegal aliens, 300 carrying weapons, and miscellaneous others.

Daniel Zwerdling

The Nixon Watch

The Dan Schorr Affair

One of the reasons, perhaps the main reason, why the President invited reporters to question him on November 12, after he announced his intention to withdraw 45,000 more troops from Vietnam, was his hope that he would be asked about Daniel Schorr. Dan Schorr is a CBS correspondent in Washington who was investigated by the FBI last August, ostensibly because he was being considered for appointment to a high government job. Schorr was never told that he was being considered for a job and the job was never identified. The question raised by the belated disclosure of the investigation was whether Schorr really had been considered for a job or whether the whole thing was an exercise in intimidation and retaliation for news reports and interpretations that had frequently annoyed the President and some of his assistants.

Principally because the reporters were in a hurry to break away and file the Vietnam news, the President was not asked about the Schorr affair. After Mr. Nixon, visibly disconcerted by the abrupt termination of the press conference, retired to his Oval Office, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler scurried busily around, telling reporters what the President would have said if they had not disappointed him. The import of what Ziegler said the President would have said was that the White House assistants who authorized the FBI investigation had indeed been as stupid as they had to have been if their motives were as pure as Mr. Nixon wanted the press and public to believe they were. Ziegler said the President would have said that the Schorr affair "was handled in a clumsy way." He also said the President recognized merit in the view that people who are being considered for government appointments should be told that they are before the FBI is set upon them. "Therefore," Ziegler concluded in the pious tone that generally marks oblique confessions of past error at the Nixon White House, "the President has ordered that whenever anyone is considered for a government

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job he always be informed beforehand why a customary FBI check is being made and, if he or she is not interested, then the matter will be dropped right there."

Before the Schorr affair and the circumstances that impelled Mr. Nixon to involve himself in it are further explained, a few relevant facts about the setup at the White House should be noted. The only assistants who have been officially identified with one or another aspect of the Schorr matter are Charles Colson, the President's Special Counsel, and Frederick V. Malek, the chief talent hunter. Colson, a former Boston lawyer, is charged with doing Mr. Nixon's dirtiest dirty work and is extremely good at shielding both himself and the President from provable blame for doing it. He has arranged smears of Democratic candidates for the Senate and has planted news stories designed to shame and discipline persons who have displeased the President (including, for a recent and notable example, Chairman Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve Board). Colson has also moved in on Communications Director Herbert Klein, covertly taking over most of the operational responsibility for the President's domestic propaganda. Malek is a cold-eyed, coldly loyal young businessman who commands the services of half a dozen junior assistants and keeps tabs on present and prospective vacancies in the upper bureaucracy, partly for the purpose of easing out unsatisfactory incumbents and replacing them with dependable successors. He and the President usually communicate with each other through H.R. Haldeman, the White House chief of staff and the one assistant whose standing with Mr. Nixon moves in only one direction – up. Colson enjoys direct access to the President, but he also reports and is responsible to Haldeman. Neither Malek nor Colson would ever do anything that they don't think the President wants them to do. They would never do anything of importance that they don't *know* Haldeman wants them to do. This fact brings us back to Daniel Schorr. Fooling around in any fashion whatever with so prominent and potent a national journalist and, through him, with the CBS television and radio networks, was bound to have been rated a matter of high importance at the White House. If Bob Haldeman and the President himself swore on a stack of Bibles that Haldeman knew nothing about and had nothing to do with the FBI investigation of Schorr, I wouldn't believe them.

In order to believe that the Nixon administration really did want to hire Schorr, you have to believe that the following sequence of previous events didn't matter or that, if it did, it enhanced the calculated value of getting Schorr off the air and associating him with the Nixon regime. Last March 9, Schorr reported on the Cronkite evening news show that Mr. Nixon had come to wish "that he, the President, had had more time before being rushed into a decision" to recommend and fight for the Safeguard anti-ballistic missile system. Schorr implied in his first report and said flatly on the next night's show that he had been told this by James Fletcher, director-designate of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, who was said by Walter Cronkite to "have heard the President express some doubts about the [ABM] program." The report enraged Mr. Nixon. Not content with having Ronald Ziegler call a special press briefing and deny that the President and Fletcher had ever discussed the ABM, the President told a gaggle of female reporters that Dan Schorr had "made a statement with regard to the ABM that was totally without foundation and fact." Mr. Nixon added, "You can't allow a little lie." Then, in a classic Nixon weasel, the President said, "Incidentally, when I call it a lie, that is unfair. Because, after all, the man just probably had the wrong information. I am always charitable to my friends." Fletcher told another CBS reporter that "I did not discuss the ABM with the President, ever." He told me the same thing, convincing me – though Schorr to this day sticks to his story – that the report was a mistake perpetrated in the best of faith.

Schorr continued to irritate Nixon people, compounding the soured and exaggerated White House view that CBS's Washington news staff is overloaded with sharp characters who have a tendency to shoot from the hip and to reflect their own prejudices in their news reports, not to mention avowed commentaries. In the story that broke the news of the Schorr investigation, Ken W. Clawson of *The Washington Post* reported that Frank Stanton, the CBS vice chairman, asked for and was granted an audience with Charles Colson last July 15. "Promising only fairness," Clawson wrote, "Stanton invited Colson to talk to him personally when he felt that CBS had failed in its reporting." Colson and Stanton failed to return my telephone calls when I tried to check out these and other references to them in the Clawson story. Ronald Ziegler said the references, including statements that Colson had subsequently complained to Stanton about Schorr, were correct. If I were a CBS reporter, I'd feel more intimidated by such an arrangement than I would by anything, an FBI investigation included, that anybody at the White House could do or arrange to have done to me.

Press Secretary Ziegler, confronted with the storm of cynicism and indignation that followed the *Post* disclosure, said variously that Schorr actually had been "considered for consideration" for a specific job and for several jobs "in the environmental area." He said

COMING: What's Going On in China? – an analysis by Allen Whiting

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again and again, in differing words, that "I would simply say that in order for there to be intimidation, the intent has to be there and there is no intention on the part of this administration to proceed in that manner." He repeatedly refused to identify the job or jobs intended for Schorr because to do so would embarrass the incumbents, and then promised to identify *the* job when it is filled by somebody else. Aware that nothing that Ziegler or the President himself could do or say would repair the credibility damage unless a specific job for Schorr was identified, a White House official finally did name one to me – a job that only a fool would have expected Dan Schorr to consider taking. By both Ziegler's and Fred Malek's accounts, the procedures for authorizing FBI investigations of prospective appointees are disgracefully loose. The trouble is, the accounts are deceptive. The procedure is and has been very tight, so tight that only an assistant acting with the President's authority can order an FBI investigation that goes beyond a superficial "name check" to determine whether there is anything against a prospect in existing FBI and Internal Revenue files. The investigation of Schorr was a brief but thorough field check with relatives, neighbors, superiors, other journalists.

CBS was late and cautious in reporting the affair. In a Sunday radio commentary, Schorr eventually said: "I do not know for sure that there was never a government job in mind for me. It seemed, on the face of it, improbable in the light of previous administration reactions toward my reporting. Yet, in a vast bureaucracy, it is possible that someone conceived the idea of trying to hire me, and that some of the processing started."

My guess is that Fred Malek is correct when he says that "somebody for whom I have great respect" recommended Schorr for a job. My further guess is that somebody else killed the idea, but not in time to save the President from having to convict his assistants of believable stupidity.

John Osborne

Who Pays and How Much?

New Thoughts on Social Security

by Robert W. Dietsch

Consider this short true-or-false quiz about Social Security: 1) It is an insurance system into which people contribute money they will get back in old age; 2) It is a fair and equitable system; beneficiaries get back about the same amount of money they put in; 3) Employers pay half the Social Security taxes, so the burden falls equally on employer and employee; 4) Social Security is the most successful program of the modern American state. The answers to the first three statements are false; only the fourth is true.

Since its beginning in 1935, the program has been immensely popular. Increases in benefits are greeted with joy by the 26 million beneficiaries and millions more nearing age 62 or 65. Increases in taxes are accepted with equanimity. Yet there have arisen a smattering of fresh suggestions that changes are due.

Social Security, of course, is not a social insurance system in which an individual's contributions (taxes, really) are held in trust until he retires and then returned to him, with interest, as retirement benefits. It is a compulsory tax system of transfer payments made to retired people, financed almost completely by taxes on the working population. My Social Security taxes help pay my mother's retirement benefits, and the taxes now beginning to be paid by my children will, hopefully, finance my benefits some years hence. Unlike private insurance plans, Social Security accumulates no trust fund in the usual sense. The principal assurance I have that I will receive benefits is that my children and their generation will continue to be willing to tax themselves. Persons now getting Social Security benefits are receiving more than the actuarial value of the taxes that were paid on their behalf, and so it will be with my generation.

Social Security taxes are paid by almost everyone, but Social Security is anything but equitable. Milton Friedman, the Chicago economist, has called it "far

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and away the most regressive element in our tax system." For one thing, Social Security taxes give no consideration to a man's ability to pay. He pays a tax rate which is the same whether he has no children or 10, whether he is earning $1.60 an hour or is a millionaire. Under existing law, Social Security taxes are levied on a worker's earnings up to $7800. Obviously, persons earning more than this are eligible to collect as much Social Security benefits as those earning only $7800, yet the higher-income workers escape paying tax on part of their income, and in some cases a good part of it. The irony is that while Congress in recent years has reduced the personal income tax rates (personal income tax being just about the most progressive tax in the country) it has continually increased the Social Security tax rate and base, and in so doing has made Social Security successively more regressive. Thirty-six years ago, its taxes applied to earnings up to $3000 per year, which included the total earnings of 95 percent of the work force. Today, one in four workers earns more than $7800, and thus one in four gets a Social Security tax break. The ceiling has been raised, but nowhere near as much as average earnings. A $23,000-a-year man gets just as big retirement benefits as a $7800-a-year man, but the effective payroll tax on his income is one-third that of the lower salaried man. Analysts at the Brookings Institution report that a family with husband earning $7000 and a wife earning $5000 will pay $624 in Social Security taxes. A family with identical income from only one wage earner will pay only $405.60.

In an increasing number of cases, workers are paying more Social Security taxes than personal income taxes. This ratio will become more marked in the years ahead, as Congress continues to vote net reductions in income tax liabilities and increases in Social Security tax rates and wage bases. Under the bill passed by the House (HR 1), Social Security taxes would rise to 5.4 percent for employer and employee on earnings up to $10,200 in 1972 and, by stages, to 7.4 percent on the same pay base in 1977. In its consideration of a tax bill the Senate easily beat back a bid to postpone next year's scheduled Social Security tax increase. If either the House or the Senate or a compromise bill becomes law, millions of Americans will wake up on Jan. 1, 1972, to find their taxes sharply up at a time when President Nixon's new economic policy was restraining increases in pay. As things stand now, almost 15 million American workers escape personal income taxes; but all of them pay Social Security taxes. Consider the worker with wife and two children who will earn the estimated median family income of $9700 in 1972. He will pay about $938 in income tax. But his Social Security tax – the half he pays – will come to $550.80 if the House bill is approved, and his employer will have to pay another $550.80.

Employers do match the Social Security taxes paid by their employees; that's the law. But in reality, the whole tax falls on the wage earner, because the employer passes on his tax as higher prices, and if he were not paying the tax the employer would be putting at least part of it into the worker's paycheck.

"Looking ahead," the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. survey said some months ago, "Social Security benefits and taxes quite probably will become a growing public issue. The rather passive acceptance of Social Security taxes that has been displayed in the past shows signs here and there of being replaced by rising concern as the tax burden has grown heavier. It would not be surprising if young and middle-aged workers, whose family budgets are being severely strained by taxes and inflation, would oppose further liberalization of Social Security. At the same time there surely will be growing political pressures for more benefits on the part of the nation's retired people. For Congress, this would make for an uncomfortable situation."

When it comes to serious study of the tax system and its growing regressiveness, Congress has been looking the other way. So has much of the middle class, which has been feeling the brunt of rising payroll taxes. Back in April, a significant study by the Census Bureau's Herman P. Miller and Roger A. Herriot showed that despite the widespread notion that America enjoys a progressive tax system there currently is little or no relationship between tax burdens and ability to pay. The effective tax rate varies very little (between 30 percent and 33 percent) on families with incomes between $2000 a year and $50,000 a year. The study attracted little attention on Capitol Hill.

Yet there have been the beginnings of suggested Social Security reform. A plan by Sens. Edmund S. Muskie and Walter F. Mondale would remove the wage base ceiling (now $7800) and make all earned income subject to the Social Security tax, thus increasing payments by eight million middle- and upper-income persons. But instead of taxing all income from the first dollar, the senators would grant each worker a standard $1000 deduction and an exemption of $650 for himself and each family member. The effect would be to reduce Social Security taxes for 63 million workers. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey proposed increasing the wage base to $15,000, increasing benefits 10 percent across the board and financing the system with one-third contributions from general federal revenues as well as one-third each from employees and employers. Others have suggested providing refunds of Social Security taxes paid by persons whose earnings do not exceed their personal income tax exemptions plus the minimum standard deduction. The idea of adjusting benefits to cost of living changes is getting increased attention and wider support. The Brookings Institution and other advocates of reform have suggested that contributions from general tax revenues be

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used to help finance the Social Security system; this possibility was even foreseen in the earliest days of Social Security. Brookings also has suggested that the "family should be the unit used for computation of benefits. This could easily be done by setting a deadline after which benefits would be based not on the separate earnings histories of husband and wife but on their combined earnings."

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Social Security was born in the New Deal desire to provide income for the aged, especially the needy aged. In 1935, the words needy and aged were virtually synonomous. That's still true to some extent, but in 1971 Social Security is a rather inefficient way of providing minimum incomes to the needy aged. A better way is to enact a guaranteed income program that applies to all persons, the young poor and the aged poor, and then gear the level of Social Security payments to the needs of the more average retiree. To an increasing extent, he obtains some retirement income from pension systems, and thus some reformers – perhaps the wisest of the lot – have been bold enough to suggest that Social Security and private pension plans be somehow linked, not only to protect pension beneficiaries from the whims of employers and bankruptcy of employers but to plan more sensibly the levels of adequate retirement payments.

The program to provide income for those Americans who have reached retirement age is deeply imbedded into our society. How a society provides for its elderly is a mark of its civility and humanity. But this does not mean the system cannot be improved to erase inequities and other wrinkles that have come with age.

Man in the Middle

The Muskie Campaign

by Paul R. Wieck

Early this fall in Chattanooga, Ed Muskie surveyed a racially mixed audience of 1200, murmured to the man sitting next to him that "the poor bastards will be asleep" if he delivered his prepared text on consumer credit and slipped it back into his pocket. Then he stepped to the podium, adjusted his angular body and ad libbed a plea for justice. Pounding the podium, he brought the 1200 to their feet cheering wildly as his voice rose to insist on "our duty as a country to prove that somewhere on this planet there can be justice, full justice for even the least member of society." Dozens swarmed around him on the stage, black and white. Some followed him to his car. The day before in West Virginia, college students had raced down the stairs to meet him as he stepped off the elevator after a speech he ended with a similar plea. A black student grabbed his hand: "I agreed with you, Senator."

Muskie's southern swing came in the aftermath of his statement on a black vice presidential candidate. President Nixon's accusation – that Muskie's honest opinion was a "a libel" on the American voter – was still burning in his mind. To quote an aide who observed Muskie as a senator for years before he joined the staff: "The way to get to him is to attack his character or integrity. He holds both in high regard." The point to remember is that the inner turmoil – temper, if you please – often brings out the best in the man, as in Chattanooga.

Contrast this with the President he seeks to dislodge. Recall Mr. Nixon's ill-tempered words to the press after the defeat of Judge Harrold Carswell? Or the post-election comments after Nixon was beaten for governor of California? In Nixon's case, a slow burn flames into something more self-centered than

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a plea for "full justice" for the least among us. That difference could be decisive in a closely fought battle next year.

Before it can make the difference, however, Muskie must not only capture his party's nomination but thereafter rouse its natural constituency – the poor of the ghettoes and barrios, often so overwhelmed by the hopelessness of their condition that the ballot seems useless; the young, sinking into indifference born of frustration; organized labor's millions, beset with the trials of suburban life. A year ago, Muskie looked like the candidate with the best chance of pulling these diverse groups together. His calm words soothed a nation on the eve of an off-year election and his rating in the polls shot up. Now, doubts spring up on every side. Part of the blame must be laid to the candidate.

Muskie has a tough, disciplined, probing mind which goads him into a ceaseless search for solutions, not issues. He asks "will it work," or "what are the alternatives." The key word is "could," not "should." To find his solutions for the incredibly complex problems of society, Muskie is driven to delve into every dark corner of a question. An aide once told me Muskie gets "a frustration headache" by three o'clock every afternoon, because by that hour he's had to make so many decisions on matters he doesn't know everything about.

It's the kind of mind that demands more and more material to grind up, which is tough on a writing staff, particularly during a campaign. In the fall of 1968, he refused to give the same speech twice, and he was making several a day. One speech writer wrung out of ideas in the closing weeks, fashioned a speech for Lubbock, Tex., by clipping out 75 percent of one given earlier in Seattle. Fifteen minutes after it was sent to Muskie, he returned it and said, "the first page and a half and the last two paragraphs are new, the rest I gave in Seattle. Anybody can do that." Nor is he satisfied just by new material. He looks behind the statistics handed to him, refuses to criticize without dealing with alternatives. "If you don't like something, you have an obligation to come up with alternatives. That's a theme with him. Boy, have I heard that enough," the same speechwriter recalled a year later. But he stayed with the senator and holds a key position in the campaign today.

What's the central impulse? Vanity? Certainly not the garden variety you find among politicians. Muskie is ambitious, of course, but he doesn't covet front and center stage, nor court the beautiful people to bolster his self-image. He avoids jumpers and screamers. If any word describes the core of him it's pride, not vanity, stolid pride in small-town values.

The impression he gives of being overly cautious has been noted frequently. Time and again, his competitors for the nomination are a half mile down the road with a proposal before he's arrived at a solution he can stand by. The question that must plague his managers is whether this deliberateness will come through as a lack of decisiveness or as a characteristic of a strong, silent man – the Lincolnesque image.

Not many weeks after the 1968 election, Muskie held a party in one of the Senate office buildings for the young men and women who sought refuge on his staff that fall, working on his vice presidential campaign. "Muskie in '72" buttons popped up all over the room. With a twinkle in his eye, Muskie thanked them for "what you've already done for me and what you may choose to do in the future." It was all the encouragement they needed.

Chappaquiddick instantly transformed Muskie into the acknowledged frontrunner, just as it gave McGovern the green light. The line of politicians wanting to sign up with Muskie began forming that fall (1969) and went round and round the block after his impressive performance on election eve a year later. Still, Muskie edged into the actual campaign slowly, and his first major strategy decision turned out to be a near-disaster. It involved setting up a large, in-house research staff, a veritable government-in-exile to satisfy the candidate's thirst for knowledge. The operation ate up all the money, blocked any real political operation just when the troops were the most anxious to volunteer. By the spring of 1971, Muskie had to abandon it. The researchers were discharged and a political staff was assembled.

To say Muskie wasn't moving in the crucial period from late 1968 to the spring of 1970 wouldn't be accurate. Vietnam illustrates his progress. He was never what could be described as a "hawk." But for almost five years, he kept silent, part of that swing group in the Senate which watched our growing involvement with distaste but was unwilling to break ranks to oppose it. By 1970, this group had moved en masse, Muskie with it, and antiwar resolutions began picking up strength in the Senate.

Muskie's people trace his disenchantment with the war back to 1965 when, as a member of the Mansfield Mission which circled the globe on a fact-finding tour, he signed a report expressing grave doubts about the commitment of large numbers of land troops. In 1966, while these troops *were* being put into Vietnam in large numbers, he was talking about "taking risks for peace." But only talking. Finally, in January of 1968, he was sufficiently disturbed to write a personal letter to LBJ urging a bombing halt, and in Chicago in August of that year he proposed a compromise plank on Vietnam. It was widely interpreted at the time as Muskie's move to get the vice presidential nomination by laying the groundwork for a compromise on the most divisive issue before the convention. In general terms, he recommended a bombing halt, a winding down of the war, the hope of a negotiated settlement. Days later, spurning what he is said to have considered the mere symbolism of the "peace plank" offered

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as a minority report, he voted for the majority plank.

By the fall of 1969, he was meeting privately with the "doves" from the closing days of the Johnson administration – Clark Clifford, Cyrus Vance, Paul Warnke and Harry McPherson. An aide explained the purpose of these sessions: "He wanted to know the factors that led to acceleration, the justification in terms of security, what was tried that didn't work, what might be tried. They talked about multinational treaties, the role of the UN, what constitutes a sphere of security. Things like the impact of immediate withdrawal, of a cease-fire, of pressures on the government were discussed." A number of these meetings were held in September 1969.

By Oct. 3, two weeks before the first Moratorium protests, I flew with Muskie to Albuquerque, NM, where the senator was to speak at a fund raiser for Joseph M. Montoya. En route to Chicago, a staff man explained that Muskie was wrestling hard with the problem of Vietnam, with the challenge of the Moratorium. In short, he was uptight. How "uptight" I discovered when the aide arranged for me to sit next to Muskie for a brief interview. I opened by asking if he could tell me his thoughts on Vietnam. His temper flared as he retorted: "Well, I can't seem to escape that subject anywhere." With that, he picked up a portfolio and went through it, paper by paper, while I sat waiting for the next development. After some minutes, he looked at me and said: "Well, I really think I'd like to relax a little first. I've been hounded on that and other subjects for a week and I think if I can just get a little catnap and get the mental juices rejuvenated I might be more useful to you." The catnap was restorative. He left the plane, walked into a press conference in Albuquerque and announced he planned to make an appearance at a Moratorium day event in his home state. It sent an aide after a phone to notify his Washington office.

That night before 1300 people, the bulk of them party regulars, he wrestled with his soul, raising rhetorical questions but answering only one: Do the young have a right to speak their mind? His answer: "Yes," to which he added a defense of "the majority" of the young as "wanting to build rather than tear down." It was a puzzling performance.

He was still holding back when he spoke at Bates College Oct. 15, 1969. That fall, the peace movement embraced the concept of a fixed withdrawal date, but Muskie tempered his call for disengagement by saying "the other side should be left in doubt" about our withdrawal plans; keep them "flexible." Again, he spoke up for public examination of foreign policy but steered clear of criticism of Nixon, instead reaffirming his conviction "Nixon wants peace in Vietnam."

It wasn't until the spring of 1970, in a speech at the National Press Club, that Nixon's policies came under fire from Muskie: Vietnamization was "unworkable"; it "cannot bring peace"; the Saigon regime "neither deserves nor receives much popular support." By summer, he had moved firmly into the anti-war camp that was also attracting many of his heretofore silent colleagues. Since then, he's been tougher in his criticism. Last spring (1971) he accused Nixon of playing politics with the POW issue. By then, Muskie was committed to a fixed withdrawal date and saw it as a prerequisite for freeing the POWs.

Why did it take so long? Muskie had doubts as early as 1965. Was it a matter of party loyalty during the Johnson years? Or dogged loyalty to LBJ himself? Or simply another example of the care with which Muskie works out his positions?

His record in the Senate isn't one of unquestioned party loyalty. Everyone's favorite Muskie story bears this out. When he was elected to the Senate in the fall of 1958, Maine still had an early (September) bellwether election and Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson quickly summoned Muskie to Washington. LBJ was a fount of sage advice for newly elected senators in those years, one bit being: Don't commit yourself until they reach the "M's" on the roll call; if you do, neither side will be interested in you any longer. LBJ then promised Muskie a choice assignment – the powerful Foreign Relations Committee, a sort of dream-come-true of the Maine lawmaker. Some months later, just before Congress went into session, LBJ the whipcracker called together his new brood (there were 13 new Democratic senators that year) to give them some stiff advice on how to vote on the pending challenge to Rule 22. In those days, a feature of every opening session was a drive by liberals to reduce the number of votes needed for cloture from two-thirds to three-fifths. LBJ adamantly opposed the challenge and was prepared to punish recalcitrants. To get his point across, he went around the room, asking each of the newcomers to commit himself on the spot. When he reached Muskie, the man from Maine said he thought he'd wait until the "M's" were reached on the roll call. His new colleagues laughed uproariously; LBJ didn't. Muskie didn't get his seat on Foreign Relations but was relegated to a set of committees he didn't want. His personal relationship with LBJ didn't warm up until the latter was firmly ensconced in the White House years later.

Such independence befits Muskie's early political training in Maine, where Democratic majorities had to be fashioned vote by vote. Except in a couple of predominantly French-Canadian cities, there was little in the way of party organization and nothing comparable to the urban machines found in industrial areas in the early fifties. Dogged loyalty to party couldn't be a feature of Maine's budding Democracy. To build majorities, Muskie and his cohorts (chief of whom was state chairman, then congressman and now federal judge Frank Coffin – probably Muskie's first choice for the US Supreme Court) had to build a

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completely open party, move ceaselessly through the state's basically rural and small-town milieu speaking to groups of 15 to 20, slowly making friends among old-time Grangers on the farms, in academic communities, among independent suburbanites.

Muskie's concept of how a responsible public official should conduct himself is rooted in that Maine experience, where the trust of neighbor in neighbor is paramount and is built block by block.

As a legislator, Muskie has the reputation of being incredibly thorough. His management of the Model Cities bill in 1966 is illustrative. The principal question here was community involvement – who was going to control the program and how. Muskie found the bill in its original form so unsatisfactory he took it to Maine with him and ripped it apart, line by line. Later, with a new version in hand, he answered hours of hostile questioning on the Senate floor, explaining every comma. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D, Mont.) has since cited this as the only example he knows when votes were actually changed during debate on the floor. More recently, Muskie nursed the Water Quality Control Act through months of backstage bickering until he was able to get almost unanimous backing for the measure. There were private complaints from his colleagues at the time consumed, but they were generally satisfied with the result.

Muskie's front-runner status among party pros has been based primarily on his strength in the polls. Now, however, they have dealt Muskie a cruel blow. Just as his political operation was showing signs of shaping up, as money began to come in a steady flow, he tumbled, and last week's Harris poll had him running second to Kennedy as the preferred candidate of Democrats and slightly below Kennedy if the independent vote is added. The latest Gallup poll gave him only 35 percent to Nixon's 43 percent. By all accounts, the new results reflect public approval of Nixon's unexpected but decisive action on the economic front. An analysis prepared by the Muskie staff shows the major shift came among voters in the "$15,000 and up" income bracket. Earlier this year, Muskie showed very strongly in this grouping. Now he doesn't. He has also sagged a bit among some traditional Democratic voting blocs, particularly young people. He's not the preference of the millions of newly enfranchised college students. If he ran as strongly as Kennedy among young and minority voters, he might still be topping Nixon despite his slippage among the more privileged voters.

That brings us to the single most worrisome factor in the Muskie campaign, what the McGovern people call the "intensity factor." It reminds me of the river I grew up near in Nebraska, the Platte. We said it was "a mile wide and an inch deep and runs dry most of the year." I mentioned this to a Muskie hand who replied: "The trouble is the support for the other candidates is 'an inch wide and a mile deep.'"

I recall watching Muskie return to his hotel in Manchester, NH on a recent Saturday after a series of morning stops. A group of student supporters from St. Anselm's was lined up in a neat row, a few breaking off at a right angle. All held homemade signs. The candidate stepped from his car and walked over to them, going down the line shaking hands. No cheers, no students excitedly clustered around their man. I told his New Hampshire coordinator that these had to be the straightest, most disciplined young people I'd seen in quite a spell. She was charmed. She grabbed the arm of the man who had recruited them and asked me to repeat it to him. I did. "Thank you," he said, "we consider that a compliment. That's the way we like them."

The day before in Boston, Muskie addressed a voter registration rally. The crowd was sparse, the winds chilly. Muskie didn't warm them up; indeed, none of the speakers or entertainers was able to pump life into the crowd. It was the exact opposite of what he did in Chattanooga.

Muskie's managers don't seem terribly concerned about the intensity factor, possibly because the nature of his support calls for a strategy quite different than McGovern's. Muskie is the party's centrist candidate, a term that must be carefully defined in his case: he occupies the ground between a right flank marching behind men like Jackson, Mills and Yorty and a left flank charging under McGovern, Chisholm and McCarthy. This doesn't mean Muskie is centrist in terms of national politics; he isn't. It means he's in the middle of the Democratic party and wants to be. One could say that if there were no Jackson or McGovern, Muskie would have to invent them. The Muskie campaign is being organized from the top down in contrast to McGovern's which is built from the bottom up in somewhat the same way as the McCarthy campaign of 1967-8. In every state I've visited, Muskie managers are quietly putting together an extensive organization that utilizes the services of key political figures. They have an early strategy: mobilize widespread support within the party for the entire 10-week primary season but concentrate on winning six quick victories in a row from New Hampshire (March 7) through Florida, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania (March 25). Illinois has a primary during this period but it's deleted from the "early strategy" list, because the Muskie camp isn't sure what it will do in Mayor Daley's back yard. Who is? Meanwhile, special attention is being given two caucus states in which precinct meetings will be held in January – Arizona, where Rep. Morris K. Udall (D), the party's only major officeholder in that state, is openly backing Muskie; and Iowa, where former Lt. Gov. Robert Fulton and a group of close supporters of Sen. Harold Hughes are putting together the Muskie operation. Another

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early round of caucuses will be held in Minnesota (February) but the showdown between Humphrey and McCarthy shaping up there complicates the state for both Muskie and McGovern.

Despite talk of an "early strategy" to sew up the nomination, Muskie is prepared for the long haul and has an efficient team at the top with Jack English and Mark Shields as co-directors. Maine's George Mitchell concentrates on issues while Berl Bernhard is in charge of finances.

Bernhard dismisses the $10 million figure tossed about as an estimate of the cost of preconvention activity as "too high" but talks in terms of $6 to $8 million for "key primaries." Despite his front-runner status, Muskie isn't the darling of the party's sugar daddies. Bernhard and English readily admit Humphrey is hurting them with money people in California, for example. However, Bernhard reports, September and October were their best months thus far and state organizations are beginning to generate some contributions. He's using every device – direct mail, telephone calls, dinners, cocktail parties, one-to-one meetings with fat cats. There has been some relief from the financial pressure of last winter and spring, which led to the firing of part of the staff and two salary cutbacks during the transition from a research to a political operation. A Lockheed Electra with 42 seats and a working area for desks and files has been leased for the duration of the preconvention campaign.

But something's still lacking – momentum. In part, the lack is calculated. Lest he start peaking long before the primary season, Muskie took two months off last summer and didn't resume his campaign until fall. Since then, his managers have turned their attention to a primary campaign they'd like to have peak fairly early in the spring, followed by a mopping-up period and a second buildup before the fall campaign. One device, strictly psychological, is a somewhat staged series of endorsements from prominent party chieftains, such as the blessing by Missouri's trio of top Democrats – Senators Eagleton and Symington and Gov. Hearnes. In California, English is hard at work corralling top party names; he claims five of seven potential gubernatorial candidates at the moment plus several key persons from McCarthy's 1968 effort, among them financial angel Martin Stone (one of the six bidding for governor) and Secretary of State Jerry Brown.

During the late spring and early summer, Muskie's efforts were hampered by an incredible string of gaffes. Typical was a Denver, Colo., appearance set up for potential contributors by an oilman who is a nominal Democrat. He selected the Brown Palace Hotel, an establishment whose nonunion status has been an irritant to Denver Democrats for years. Some labor people boycotted the luncheon and the press coverage, generally, was bad. It could have been avoided if Muskie's staff had checked with any precinct captain in the city. Muskie does enjoy good labor relations (Machinist union polls and informal COPE reports put him ahead almost everywhere) and the Denver incident was unnecessary.

Then there was the flap over Muskie's remark that he didn't think a ticket with a black vice presidential candidate could win. The circumstances aren't generally known. The remark was made at a closed-door caucus with black leaders in Los Angeles, the kind of gathering that has been in vogue among minority leaders in the last few years. The purpose: to get the candidates to tell it straight. By mistake, a local reporter was brought to the meeting by a Muskie aide. He wasn't told it was off-the-record and took notes until informed that it was a closed session. To his credit, he didn't write the story; however, some of the participants saw him there and assumed it was open. So they repeated the story and by evening, other reporters were onto it.

The circumstances don't alter the content, but it is only fair to point out Muskie isn't so insensitive as to deliberately and publicly risk insulting a large and politically aware minority in this country.

A criticism of Muskie's style that goes to the heart of the momentum problem is his steadfast refusal to "break his lance" by charging headlong into some new battle. The credentials committee fight is a good example. Muskie met with his key supporters, discussed the matter and agreed that Hughes was the man for the job of interim chairman of the committee. He assigned three of his people – English, Shield and Steve Reinhardt, Democratic national committeeman for California – to the fight. They worked long, hard and unsuccessfully. Muskie made no clarion pronouncement. The result: some discontent among party reformers because he didn't throw himself into the battle along with his aides, and a criticism from spokesmen on the party's right. This, of course, may be just what a centrist candidacy calls for.

Muskie *does* have assets as a campaigner. He doesn't lose his cool in a tough situation, as the country discovered in the tense fall of 1968 when he invited students harrassing him to send a spokesman to the mike. It became a feature of his appearances after he used it the first time in Washington, Pa. His staff still talks of the day in Boston when he quietly held an Eldridge Cleaver banner for a young lady while she had her time to talk. On the West Coast, he calmly sipped a glass of water while a group of campus radicals, huddled right below the stage, set fire to what was purported to be draft cards. Then he lectured them briefly but sternly, the father or uncle image shining through. An aide muttered later: "God, I thought he was going to use that water to put out the fire."

In Manchester, NH, Muskie was taken to a residence for older persons put up as part of a Model

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Cities program. He seated himself at a card table in the corner to chat about the facility, to ask what problems they had, to sip his coffee with several women living there. He quietly passed the cookies without a hint of embarrassment. He has special interest in older citizens and in the success of programs he helped frame for their benefit.

His concern over what's happened to the America of trust and neighborliness is so deep he does sometimes yield to impulse and just speaks out. Attica is an example. He watched the story unfold on TV as he prepared to address the governors' conference in San Juan, PR on welfare reform and revenue sharing. At the last minute, Muskie called his speech writer to demand a new text centered around the problems put into focus by Attica. Never mind if he himself hadn't sorted out all his ideas on prison reform. At that moment, he had to deal with a ghastly aberration of the kind of country he grew up loving. The hour was late, the governors were restless, but there was passion in Muskie's voice when, almost in despair, he asked his audience: "How have we reached the point that some men would rather die than live another day in America?" Coming from a man of less imposing presence, it would sound schmaltzy, but Muskie can make it convincing. Sincerity is still a powerful political asset, and "the man you can trust" image serves Muskie well.

If Muskie wins a good share of the primaries and goes on to claim the nomination on the first ballot in Miami Beach, he'll be tugged from both sides by politicians anxious to preserve at least a semblance of their authority within the party. His first crucial decision will be the selection of a running mate. Here, pure pragmatism must prevail. An unostentatious Catholic, he will be looking for a non-Catholic. There will be much else to consider – which region, if any, to appeal to; whether to placate the left or the right; what kind of a man will balance off Muskie or reinforce his natural assets.

As a New Englander with a basically liberal and anti-war record, even if arrived at lately, Muskie will be counted as representing the Democratic party's current stronghold – the megalopolis running from Washington to Boston with its strong ethnic strains. It will take a strong showing in another region – the South, Midwest or Far West – to fashion a majority in the electoral college. Each area boasts a bountiful number of acceptable running mates.

Muskie will come under pressure to "go South," particularly if he scores in a series of southern primaries (Florida, Tennessee, North Carolina). The argument for this is predictable. By election day of 1972, a majority of southern statehouses will be in the hands of a new, moderate generation of governors, the spokesmen of the "new South," all anxious to blend into a national party. They'll want a bit of recognition from the top. It would be a calculated risk. There is already a suspicion abroad that the "new South" is more style than substance. If Muskie decides to turn in that direction, he'll need to find a man of at least neo-populist accomplishments; perhaps Gov. Reuben Askew of Florida who recently succeeded in getting a state tax on corporations approved in a general referendum. But, by next fall, any of the others – Carter of Georgia, Bumpers of Arkansas, West of South Carolina – may rate consideration. Or Muskie may choose to turn to a Senate colleague, say Sen. Lawton Chiles of Florida, Gov. Askew's running mate in 1970.

A particularly good case can be made for seeking a vice presidential candidate from the Midwest. It's rich in electoral votes and leaders. The "swing vote" in that crucial area – the family farmers – grows more restless all the time under an administration that prefers agribusiness (witness the selection of a leading exponent of agribusiness, Earl L. Butz, to head the Department of Agriculture) to preserving a semblance of the family farm economy. A running mate the farmers could view as their champion could give Muskie a clear edge in several key states in the Midwest carried by Nixon last time – Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana. To combine the East and the Midwest into a fairly solid bloc is to win in November. The list of potential candidates here is long and runs toward a coterie of senators mentioned in presidential speculation this year – Mondale of Minnesota, Hughes of Iowa, Bayh of Indiana, McGovern of South Dakota, Stevenson of Illinois, to name a few – and they're all Protestants.

Perhaps the most attractive candidate the Far West has to offer is "Mo" Udall of Arizona, an articulate, witty member of the House who would be well received by any group – campus or Jaycee, labor or Chamber of Commerce – and in all regions.

One cannot forget that the party's Cold War wing will also be clamoring for attention and is apt to have two strong contenders – Mills of Arkansas and Jackson of Washington. With them will come the promise of strong financing for the campaign from their many devotees in the corporate world – aerospace, transportation, construction, oil. But it's hard to imagine Mills giving up real power for the vice presidency. Jackson's chances will be determined by his showings in a primary. A strong second-place showing at the Miami convention would make him hard to ignore.

Once a ticket is joined, it will be Ed Muskie who will set the pace if he's nominated, just as Humphrey did in 1968 despite Muskie's emergence as the most popular of the four candidates on the two major tickets. People who traveled with Muskie in 1968 claim one cannot judge his performance in the midst of a campaign by the relative listlessness of recent months. The real thing, they say, toughens him up.

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Robert Evett on Music

Trash

The trash-collector's bible, *The Stuffed Owl*, published in 1930, is an anthology of bad verse edited by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee, in which the editors attempt to define *good* bad verse as opposed to *bad* bad verse. The editors' view was that *good* bad verse was what a good poet wrote on a bad night, as in this stanza of Coleridge's, in which everything is wrong:

> Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
> Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
> The mastiff old did not awake,
> Yet she an angry moan did make!
> And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
> Never till now she uttered yell
> Beneath the eye of Christabel.
> Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
> For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They would not have had an opportunity to see this superb example of *bad* bad poetry, which I just now fetched out of the obituary page of a recent newspaper:

> December brings sad memories
> Of our loved one gone to rest.
> You will never be forgotten, dear
> Mother,
> By the ones who loved you best.
>
> In our hearts your memory lingers,
> Sweetly, tenderly, fond and true,
> There are not many days, dear
> Mother
> We do not think of you.

In verse, this kind of stuff has a certain dreadful charm, especially if the sentiments expressed are painful and genuine. What about music?

Back Next Week

With this issue STANLEY KAUFFMANN'S *film and theater page will alternate with commentaries on TV, music and art by various critics.* MR. KAUFFMANN *will also be reviewing books regularly for these pages.*

First, a deliberate effort to write trash is usually doomed to failure. The composer must *not* be in on the gag. He must be doing his best. There have been instances, most of them unrecorded, of famous composers – one of them Stravinsky – who tried to write down to a public and failed. Stanley Kauffmann once described *Peyton Place* as the product of a fifth-rate talent working at the very peak of its capacity. The result was trash. It would be impossible to find a musical equivalent of *Peyton Place* that everybody knows. However, Gounod's opera *Romeo et Juiliette* would be a pretty good example except for the facts that the man was vastly better trained than Grace Metalious and that only a few people are really familiar with the music, so to discuss it at all is to have dialogue with the empty air. However, this opera is a dead-serious work by a talented man, and therefore warrants the serious attention of anyone collecting trash or attempting to define it.

Second, the listener, putting a piece down as trash, must not only feel superior to it, but *be* superior to it. If he is not he is apt to be in for surprises later.

A common experience, for instance, is the adolescent one of wearing out the larger orchestral works of Tchaikovsky with enthusiasm and then dismissing them as trash, only to find, on rediscovering them years later, that they are not trash, or at any rate not necessarily. Clarity of expression and directness of communication are not hallmarks of trash, though superficiality and obviousness are. The ability to distinguish one from the other is at the heart of all quarrels touching taste, and it is the reason that the composer who chucked the march from the *Pathétique* Symphony into the rubbish-heap has a right to do so which the adolescent does not. The mature listener will have decided, having been through perhaps two or three phases, that Sincerity, or the True Voice of Feeling, or some other element touching on the meaning and content of the work, has been shortchanged in the end product, and that in the *Pathétique* the superior execution – the piece is a technical marvel in every glittering detail – acts as a façade for shallowness. I don't agree in this instance, but merely take it as an example of the way in which one comes to take a superior position.

Here is a third and crucial point: whether you like a piece or not has nothing whatever to do with whether it is trash. It is possible to know what trash is and, and the same time, to have a voracious appetite for it. Brahms, for instance, so liked Strauss operettas that he dragged himself from his deathbed to attend one and was dragged back to it when he got even sicker during the performance. It is most unlikely that he was under the illusion that the piece he went to hear was of the stature of the St. Matthew Passion. Brahms just liked that kind of trash, as the rest of us like our own.

Fourth and finally, trashiness is inevitably connected, though mysteriously, with what is in vogue and therefore being performed too much. A good deal of what follows here will bear on this point.

The only bad thing about liking trash is refusing to admit that it is what it is. It is easy – far too easy – to condemn people who like the kind of trash you don't much like yourself, as lacking taste. I, for instance, with a penchant for trash *á la Russe*, could listen to Glazounoff for a couple of hours, but not to one single waltz of J. Strauss, père or fils.

The "Beautiful Blue Danube" is outside the compass of this discussion. It is surely well-made, and I have no opinion on whether it is or is not a good work of its kind – so long as it stays on its own side of the tracks. But admit it to the concert hall and it becomes supertrash, an anthology of those clichés – the oom-pah-pahs, the stencilled melodic sequences, the prefabricated harmonic progressions, that make it one of the great touchstones of 19th-century vulgarity, a sort of Rosetta Stone for the better types of trash. Many of the better type of composers, poking around in the trashbin for materials, have used this sort of thing and achieved varying results.

Mahler went further than anyone else in incorporating Wienerschnitzel into art music, and many of the most poignant movements of his symphonies are flirtations with trash so deliberate that – or if – they escape being the real article, it is by a hair. In his consultations with Freud, Mahler divulged that in some traumatic childhood episode he had run out of his house and that his attention had been arrested by street sounds – a hurdy-gurdy or whatever – and that these sounds had been reshaped into those nightmarish waltzes of his maturity. This is, I suppose, as

(continued on page 30)

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A Sage's Summa

Public Affairs by C. P. Snow

(Scribner's; $6.95)

To combine two terms coined by C. P. Snow and now part of the language, *Public Affairs* is about the two cultures in the corridors of power. Lord Snow's *summa*, it combines his major writings as contemporary sage, as well as the afterthoughts which the publication of each prompted, into a single statement, both proposition and prophecy.

Although Snow has been speaking out on current issues through his fiction and through minor journalism since the 30s, he found himself as Teiresias of his time only in 1956, when in the space of four weeks he published two essays in the *New Statesman*, "New Minds for the New World" and "The Two Cultures." The first – published anonymously because he felt that it might embarrass the Government, in which he was then a Civil Service Commissioner – compared American, Soviet and English education, especially the education of the new managerial class, in terms not calculated to inspire complacency in the West. The second appeared under his own name, and began with the anecdote that Cambridge mathematician G. H. Hardy once complained that it was "rather odd" that the term "intellectual" generally was used in a way to exclude not only him but his distinguished colleagues – both physicists – J. J. Thomson and Ernest Rutherford. Two years later, for the prestigious London *Times Literary Supplement*, which rarely then published an article under a byline, Snow wrote a third essay, "Challenge to the Intellect," in which he wondered about the phenomenon evident in much of the advanced literature of the twentieth century of the alienation of the intellectual from – even his hatred for – the scientific-industrial revolution. None of these brief pieces appear in *Public Affairs*, yet they were the seeds of the larger public statements which, after *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* – the Rede Lecture at Cambridge in 1959 – established the owlish ex-don and (by then) ex-civil servant as the mediator between the two social forces he had defined for our time.

Snow now accepts the idea (a criticism of his original lecture) that within the intellectual community are the makings of a third and bridging culture – that sociology, political science, psychology, economics, medicine and "social arts such as architecture" are a grouping with an inner consistency, concerned as they are with "how human beings are living or have lived." To accomplish their objectives, he believes, such disciplines must be both humanistic in outlook and capable of utilizing the tools of technology. Through their increasing influence, they may help narrow the gap; however in the immediate future Snow sees only the continuing human hazards inherent in a fractured intellectual elite, and what he has warned is "the complex of dangers in front of us for the rest of this century" has long been the undercurrent of his fiction as well as the explicit theme of *Public Affairs*.

We must pay a price for the great intellectual triumphs of our time, he contends: "Upon us all there lies the shadow of Dr. Faust: or, to be concrete, the shadow of the cloud over Hiroshima." In an age when science is determining the direction of our destiny, Snow finds that our scientific and humanistic cultures still cannot or do not communicate effectively with each other, that political decisions continue to be made without real understanding of their scientific impact, and scientific or technological decisions arrived at without a grasp of the human consequences.

Two related incidents in his novel *The New Men* (1954), about the wartime race to build the Bomb, point up the reasons why the novelist turned polemicist. In the first, the narrator's brother, Martin Eliot, reports a rumor he had heard about preparations for dropping the Hiroshima uranium bomb.

"By the way," said Martin, in a tone dry and without feeling, "I heard one story about tactics that might interest you."

He had heard it from someone present after the bomb was made.

"There was a good deal of discussion," he said, "about how to drop it with maximum results. One ingenious idea was to start a really spectacularly pretty flare a few seconds before the bomb went off."

"Why?"

"To make sure that everyone in the town was looking up."

"Why?"

"To make sure they were all blinded."

Afterwards, Martin reports to Lewis Eliot about a second bomb, dropped on Nagasaki, this one a plutonium device. "The only point of dropping the second," he observes ("his tone neutral, the last edge of feeling dried right out"), "must have been for purposes of comparison."

Both *The Two Cultures* and *Science and Government* (the latter originally

To Smile With The Joyful Sadness Of The Olive Tree

To smile with the joyful sadness of the olive tree.
To wait and never stop waiting for joy.
Let us smile, let us make the light every day gold
in this sad and joyful hopelessness of being alive.

Every day I feel myself more able to fly, and more caught up
in this smile, so clear, so full of darkness.
The storms that make their way past your cold mouth
also move past mine; it is a brief summer wind.

A smile rises over the final emptiness: it swells
like an emptiness that quivers, still fluttering its wings.
A smile breaks warmly into flight.

Ordinary, steady, it does not fall, it does not darken.
You defy everything, love: you climb over it all.
With your smile you parted from both heaven and earth.

from the Spanish of Miguel Hernandez
translation by Timothy Baland.

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the Godkin Lectures at Harvard in 1961) seem born out of such concerns. *Science and Government*, as Snow puts it, "is about two men and two choices," the committee-room battle in 1942 between Sir Henry Tizard (godfather to radar) and Churchill's scientific *éminence gris*, F. A. Lindemann (afterwards Lord Cherwell), over wartime manufacturing and personnel priorities. All countries face the possibility of being "at the mercy of scientific salesmen," and because of the necessity then for decision-making of a "closed politics" variety – Lindemann was able to give saturation bombing the highest priority. The secret aim was not to destroy German industrial capacity, military installations, or even communications and transport, but rather to break civilian spirit by rendering homeless as many people as possible in the built-up areas of the 58 largest German cities. It was an immoral and expensive failure. A half-million German civilians and 160,000 American and British airmen, certainly from among the most promising young men in both countries, were killed. Morale did not crack, and war production in Germany actually increased.

"Why not," Snow suggests, "keep the scientists in their place, as we used to, and just call them out to give advice to wiser men?" The answer is obvious. Both scientists and nonscientists need to be wiser men – in terms of each other's cultures – and both need to be in government. Administrators, he contends, tend to "live in the short term" because of the nature of their jobs; foresight is in short supply in the corridors of power. But any scientist, setting aside his salesman role, realizes "that his subject is moving in time," and lives within a future-directed culture, "for science itself, in its human aspect, is just that."

In "The Moral Un-Neutrality of Science" (an address to the American Academy for the Advancement of Science) Snow refused to accept the disclaimer of some scientists that they neither wanted nor deserved to have the weight of the world's responsibilities placed upon them – that all they wanted to do was to get on with their work, and let others make what they want of it. Such ethical noninvolvement for science is illogical to Snow. The fact of experiment, of the search for truth, is a demonstration "of moral behaviour on a very large scale," differentiating science from all other intellectual activities. And to Snow there is yet another "spring of moral action" in science – knowledge. "Scientists *know* certain things in a fashion more immediate and more certain than those who don't comprehend what science is. Unless we are abnormally weak or abnormally wicked men, this knowledge is bound to shape our actions. . . . It throws upon scientists a direct and personal responsibility. . . . For scientists have a moral imperative to say what they know . . . [and] cannot escape their own knowledge."

If the past is evidence, it is known that every scientific breakthrough has accelerated political and social change, and since the pace of scientific advance, as Snow's fellow peer Lord Zuckerman has recently pointed out, "is immeasurably faster now than at the start of this century, it is hardly surprising that the world itself is now experiencing a period of tumultuous change." What scientists now know is that we possess every scientific fact we need to transform the conditions of life for the better, and to do it within the span of people now alive. It was this realization that almost prompted Snow at first – he confesses in an afterword – to consider calling his *Two Cultures* lecture "The Rich and the Poor," for the scientific revolution "is the only method by which most people can gain the primal things (years of life, freedom from hunger, survival for children) – the primal things which we take for granted and which have in reality come to us through having had our own scientific revolution not so long ago. Most people want these primal things. . . . To misunderstand this position is to misunderstand both the present and the future. It simmers beneath the surface of world politics."

As early as 1936, in a *Spectator* essay, "What We Need from Applied Science," he had stressed the priorities which dominate *Public Affairs*. The first need, he had written – three years before the war – was worldwide "abandonment of scientific efforts toward destruction." The second was the extension of the average life-span 20 years "by the application of knowledge already in existence. . . . If the laboratories stopped tomorrow, there is enough scientific knowledge to do the work of the world with a fraction of the effort, and with enormously rich results."

What is missing in the triumphs of applied science remains the world's will to better direct its priorities, to turn the industrial society of electronics, atomic energy and automation in the direction of meeting the urgent crises of underproduction of food and overproduction of people. Snow's final lecture, "The State of Siege" (1968), is a call for the embattled haves to break out from their increasing inwardness, as the still-multiplying have-nots increasingly claim their share of civilization's promise. The superpowers, Snow feels, can only stave off mutual catastrophe several generations hence by agreeing "to collaborate for humane ends." That it can be done is suggested by the phenomenon that Soviet and American systems, under the pressures of increasing technological complexity, find themselves drawing together, one becoming a more managed society (even under a Republican administration), the other less so (despite Russian efforts to arrest the movement). As Snow himself has noted elsewhere, "To an extent, advanced technology imposes its own forms: that is, a Soviet factory looks very much like an American factory." And he provocatively asks, "How far does this necessary similarity, the necessary articulation of an advanced scientific society, extend into the texture of living? How far will it extend?" The answer will be crucial.

The danger of thermonuclear war between the superpowers has receded, Snow says in an epilogue, but the gap between rich and poor countries widens

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each year. In some Frankensteinean ways, he concedes, science has achieved effects which although positively good have staggeringly aggravated its own dilemmas. Man's ability to master natural forces, Nobel laureate Albert Szent-Gyorgyi recently observed, has enabled him "to interfere with nature's ways, overcrowd and overgraze his little globe, transform it into a dump or cesspool or wipe himself off its surface." (Further, Szent-Gyorgyi noted, in demonstrating the inseparability of science and government, technology in our generation has "increased the speed of communication ten million times, decreased terrestrial distances a hundredfold and increased the force of weapons a millionfold.") But, says Snow, "the only weapon we have to oppose the bad effects of technology is technology itself. There is no other. We can't retreat into a nontechnological Eden which never existed. . . . It is only by the rational use of technology – to control and guide what technology is doing – that we can keep any hopes of . . . a social life that is not appalling to imagine." Which brings him back to his initial contention, that people must be educated to better understand the uses, and the limits, of applied science, and that this can only be accomplished in a common culture in which science is a significant component. And that governments must have a leadership so trained. "With good fortune," he writes, "we can educate a large proportion of our better minds so that they are not ignorant of imaginative experience, both in the arts and in science, nor ignorant either of the endowments of applied science, of the remediable suffering of most of their fellow humans, and of the responsibilities which, once they are seen, cannot be denied." A piece of rabbinical wisdom consoles Snow here:

> If I am not for myself, who am I?
> If I am for myself alone, what am I?
> If not now, when?

Even so, Snow's outlook is bleak at best. "I don't believe that we shall destroy the species. The human species is extraordinarily tough. But it may well find itself living in conditions which, to most contemporary Americans or Englishmen, would seem intolerable. The prospect which I foresee is . . . a prolonged period of hardship, sporadic famine rather than widespread, commotion rather than major war. To avoid worse will require more foresight and will than men have shown themselves capable of up to now." If he finds any cause for hope, it is in the "educated young" who have developed an "unsentimental but brotherly feeling" for the poor world, who have "thrown the prejudices of race away," who have become more international in outlook despite the "political and economic barbed wire." With this collection Snow insists that he is now finished as prophet – that those who will have to cope with the problems in their own lifetimes now must have their turn. One would hope that he is not likely to withdraw that easily. The world's store of contemporary wisdom is desperately small, and as his public statements incorporated in *Public Affairs* have proven, Lord Snow can move men's minds.

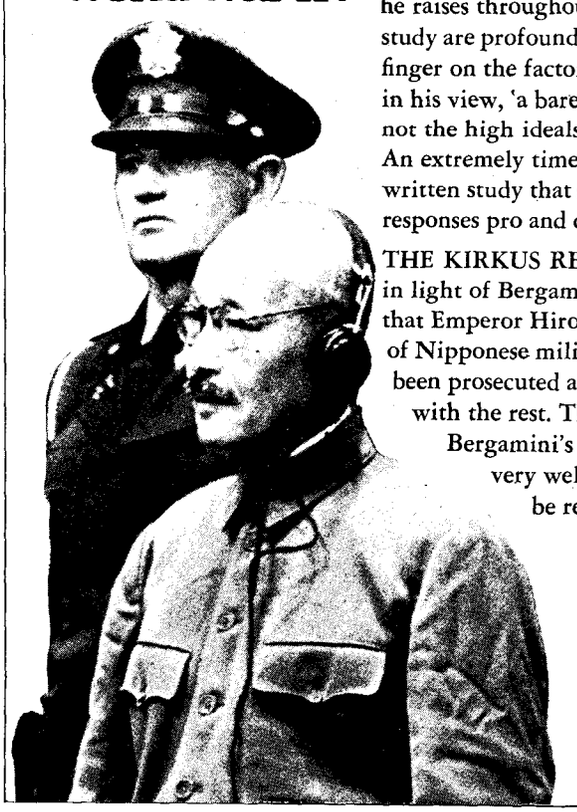
Stanley Weintraub

VICTORS' JUSTICE

The Tokyo War Crimes Trial
by Richard Minear

Was Emperor Hirohito the architect of Japanese militarism in WW II? Definitely not, argues Richard Minear. In this, the first full account of the Tokyo Trial in English, he questions if in fact Japan was guilty of aggression and if there ever should have been a Tokyo War Crimes Trial.

Should anyone have been tried in Japan after World War II?



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Reconsiderations

Living My Life

Emma Goldman began writing her autobiography in an "enchanting little cottage" in Saint-Tropez in 1928. But the tranquillity of the setting had no chastening effect on the author's recollections of emotion, and she at once started to tell the story of her startling outburst of temper in Rochester, New York, on the evening of November 11, 1887.

Living My Life by Emma Goldman

(Knopf, 1931. Now available from Dover in 2 volumes, $3.50 each.)

Unnerved by a news bulletin from Chicago which stated that four of the anarchists who had previously been found guilty of the Haymarket bombing had been hanged early that morning, the 18-year-old Emma made her way to her father's house after dark, where she found a crowd of people excitedly discussing the executions. The coarse laugh and sneering voice of a woman suddenly rose above the din: "What's all this lament about? The men were murderers. It is well they were hanged." With one leap, Emma was at the woman's throat. Someone pulled her away, but Emma wrenched herself free, grabbed a pitcher of water from a table, and threw it with all her force into the woman's face. "Out, out," Emma cried, "or I will kill you!" The terrified woman ran out of the house and Emma collapsed in a spasm of crying. "The child has gone crazy," someone remarked.

"By what destiny or virtue," Ignazio Silone asks in *The God That Failed*, "does one, at a certain age, make the important choice, and become an 'accomplice' or 'rebel'? From what source do some people derive their spontaneous intolerance of injustice, even though the injustice affects only others?" A generation before Silone gave these haunting questions their classic statement, the author of *Living My Life* addressed very similar inquiries to herself, for she often was as surprised and shaken by the vehemence with which she expressed her beliefs as were the unlucky people who got in the way of her intolerance. Why, indeed, did she get so violently angry about injustices done to others? In the thousand pages of her remarkable autobiography she was never quite able to formulate an answer. Yet the raw evidence she presents is so detailed and so brutally candid as to make it unmistakably clear that her political militancy was rooted in sexual resentment. Through her defiance of dominating, deceiving, exploitative men, she became an accomplice in other rebellions.

In Königsberg, where her lower-middle-class parents sent her to live with her grandmother for a time, Emma came under the discipline of an uncle, who refused to allow the child to go to school and made her instead his personal servant; whenever she protested about the work, he kicked her. At the insistence of the grandmother, Emma was finally permitted to become a student – only to discover that one of her instructors was a sadist who delighted in beating her hands and that another was a seducer whom she had to fend off by pulling his beard.

But the most titanic battles of her childhood were fought with her father. Many years later, she came to realize that his "violence and hardness had only been symptoms of an intensely sexual nature that had failed to find adequate expression," mainly because of his wife's adamant refusal to risk further pregnancies after four childbirths had all but destroyed her health. In the years, however, when she was growing up, in the Baltic town of Popelan, in Königsberg, and in St. Petersburg, all Emma knew was that her handsome, dashing, vital father, whom she could have adored if she had not been so afraid of him, had made her life a living hell with his violence and cruelty. "The whip and the little stool were always at hand," she remembered, and on one occasion when she received low marks in school because of intransigent behavior, he beat her with his fists until finally he fainted from the exertion. Yet unlike her two older half-sisters and her beloved sister Helena, all of whom quailed before him, Emma resisted his tyranny. When he arranged to have her make an advantageous marriage at 15, she protested that she be allowed to continue her studies. By way of reply, he threw her French grammar into the fire. The marriage, however, was cancelled. And when he refused to allow her to accompany Helena to America, she threatened to jump into the Neva – and probably would have, if he had not hastily reversed his position.

In addition to enduring private torments, she was also the witness, throughout her formative years, of the authoritarian cruelties of the Czar – with whose victims she identified, even though they were, more often than not, despised *goyim*. One day in Popelan she came upon a half-naked peasant being lashed with a knout. The scene, she relates, "threw me into hysterics, and for days I was haunted by the horrible picture . . .: the bleeding body, the piercing shrieks, the distorted faces of the *gendarmes*, the knouts whistling in the air and coming down with a sharp hissing upon the half-naked man." The plight of the peasant in the terrible grip of the Czarist police was the plight of embattled Emma in her father's household, and she gave way to hysteria because she felt his wounds as her own. Is it any wonder that this precocious child also read as many nihilist tracts and novels as she could get her hands on? Dreams of subverting and destroying authoritarianism flooded her mind.

America, too, was a dream of freedom, but in fact it proved not to be, as Father Goldman quickly followed after his emigrating daughters. In Rochester he once again established a home which

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was no better than "a prison." "Every time I tried to escape," runs a particularly bitter sentence in *Living My Life*, "I was caught and put back in the chains forged for me by Father." More out of desperation than of love, Emma at 17 married a hapless young man named Jacob Kershner. At least he could give her a home of her own, as well as satisfy her mounting sexual needs. On the wedding night, however, "ardent anticipation" gave way to "utter bewilderment" as she learned the trembling Jacob's well-kept secret: he was sexually impotent.

Again she had been victimized by a man – and again she saw her personal grievance mirrored in a larger injustice. The wedding occurred in February 1887; in the months that followed she became excitedly, then obsessively interested in the legal lynching of the Chicago anarchists who had been charged with the Haymarket bombing on the basis of no hard evidence other than their philosophical belief in violence. Her indignation at their imprisonment was tremendously intensified by her own sense of entrapment, and when she "went crazy" in her father's house on the evening following the executions, she served notice on the world that her life was now irrevocably committed to the dead men's cause.

The first step she took, in the days following the hangings, was to separate from Kershner, and when in early 1888 he finally consented to a divorce, she broke free of her father as well – who was constantly screaming at her to settle down and behave like a good Jewish daughter – by going to work in a corset factory in New Haven, Connecticut. A year later, in a café on Suffolk Street, in New York City, the 20-year-old Emma was introduced to a boy of 18, named Alexander Berkman, who had the forehead of a scholar and the neck and chest of a giant. Berkman at once invited her to go with him to hear a lecture by Johann Most in denunciation of the execution of the Chicago anarchists. The following November, on the second anniversary of the Haymarket executions, she and Sasha Berkman again heard one of Most's tirades on the subject, at the conclusion of which the speaker called for individual acts of vengeance. Most's passionate oratory had such an intense sexual effect upon Emma that by the time Berkman had escorted her to her doorway her whole body was shaking "as in a fever." Previously she had repelled Berkman's sexual overtures, but now "an overpowering yearning possessed me, an unutterable desire to give myself to Sasha, to find relief in his arms from the fearful tension of the evening." In time, of course, Sasha and Emma would attempt a spectacular act of political vengeance, but her bedding-down with a disreputable anarchist on the Haymarket anniversary night may also be counted as an act of vengeance, in which a bad Jewish daughter made a further mockery of her father's bourgeois ambitions for her. That she soon added other lovers to her stable, and that she finally had to admit that "my own sex life had always left me dissatisfied," suggest, however, that her need to retaliate against her father never eventuated in final victory, but only in endless compulsion.

The eager promise of cooperation that she made to Sasha in 1892 when he proposed to intervene in the Homestead steel strike by blowing up Henry Clay Frick was, beyond a doubt, the craziest gesture of her life. Like the blast in the brownstone on West Eleventh Street and other explosions of our own time, the story of the Frick caper is a tragicomic tale in which the reader's laughter – at the conspirators' feverish efforts to follow the recipe for bomb-making in Most's *Science of Revolutionary Warfare*, at their nervous apprehension that the bombs would go off prematurely and kill all the tenants in their apartment building, and at their aw-shucks disappointment when the test bomb failed to work because of dampness in the dynamite – is limited only by the sober realization that human lives hung on the outcome of their child's play. So completely out of touch were they with the realities of American life that when Sasha wounded Frick with a pistol, he and Emma were stunned to discover that the Homestead strikers were embittered by what he had done; in fact, many of the strikers were convinced that Berkman was a capitalistic provocateur who had been hired to kill Frick as a means of turning public opinion against organized labor.

Yet the Frick case catapulted her into celebrity and the effort to reduce Sasha's sentence of 22 years in prison gave her a cause, and by the end of the '90s the speech-making of Emma Goldman was being hailed by friend and foe alike as one of the great oratorical performances of American history. She was intellectual; she was witty; and she was well-organized. But what was truly stunning about her speeches was that she brought to the podium, she translated to her audiences at full blast, the emotional violence of her screaming, fist-swinging family combats. Speaking often without notes, her eyes in fact closed at the peaks of passion, she achieved an intensity of feeling which no other speaker of the day could match, and which endowed oratory with the same sort of excitement that the highly-charged temperament of Sarah Bernhardt was currently bringing to the theater. There were still times, to be sure, when the famous Goldman temper exploded in overt acts of violence. For example, when she decided that Most had become a traitor to the cause of Sasha's freedom, she showed up at his next public lecture with a horsewhip and jumped him at the first opportunity. "Repeatedly I lashed him across the face and neck, then broke the whip over my knee and threw the pieces at him." But for the most part, she channeled her aggressiveness into unforgettable displays of oratorical fervor.

At first, she spoke only in German or Yiddish to immigrant audiences. However, when she came out of Blackwell's Island in 1894 – where she had been confined for inciting a crowd in Union Square to riot – she began to attract some native-born sympathizers who were also disaffected by middle-class American life, including such writers as James Gibbons Huneker, Ambrose Bierce, and the radical journalist John Swinton, as well as a number of social workers, notably Lavinia Dock and Lillian Wald. These friendships persuaded her that the message she had to convey would not fall on deaf ears if she changed over to English. In having the courage and the imagination to make the switch she brought her considerable intelligence and her enormous passion into the mainstream of American history and readied herself for the key role that she would play in the cultural upheaval of the early twentieth century.

If she had stuck to agitating for Berkman's release, or to calling for vengeance against the capitalist executioners

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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of the Haymarket anarchists, her impact on American life would have been slight, no matter how pyrotechnical her oratory was. Very quickly, though, she began to expand her repertoire, until Berkman's imprisonment became not so much a subject as a metaphor of man's fate (especially woman's), and anti-capitalism became only one item on an agenda which included Ibsenism, feminism, free speech and birth control. Through her contributions to the latter three causes she affected the lives of every modern American.

Although she failed to acknowledge it in her self-mythologizing autobiographies, Margaret Sanger came to the birth-control movement via her political association and personal friendship with Goldman, who had become aware of the social need for freely available contraceptives while working in the '90s as a midwife and nurse in the slums of New York. And when Sanger started to publish *Woman Rebel* in the early teens as a propaganda sheet for her ideas, she modeled its polemical style on an anarchist magazine called *Mother Earth* which Goldman had been putting out since 1906. Goldman's arrest in 1916 for delivering a public lecture on the use of contraceptives also helped Sanger to advertise the fight against Comstockery, as Goldman was immediately saluted by George Bellows, John Sloan, Robert Henri and other Greenwich Village friends at a well-publicized dinner in her honor at the Brevoort. At the trial she again seized the initiative by belting out one of her most impassioned paeans to human freedom. When the judge sentenced her to 15 days in Queens County Jail, her public-relations triumph was complete.

As a feminist, she differed from other leaders of the struggle in her refusal to believe that constitutional guarantees of equal suffrage would do very much for either the quality of politics or the happiness of women. While the attention of the other leaders was focused almost exclusively on winning independence from external tyrannies, Goldman felt that internal tyrannies, sexual prudishness above all, were the most important problems facing American women. Militant feminists like Charlotte Perkins Gilman regarded excessive sexual indulgence as a threat to womanly health, but Goldman insisted that the "tragedy of the self-supporting or economically free woman does not lie in too many, but in too few experiences." Inasmuch as her own promiscuity never seemed to dampen her energy or damage her morale, Goldman therefore became a heroine to many of the restless girls who came to Greenwich Village in the teens, and who in turn inspired the flappers of the '20s to cast loose from all bonds and assumptions and "try things out." No Americans, however, were more grateful to Goldman for her attacks on emotional inhibition than homosexuals. Crowding up to talk with her after her unprecedented lectures in denunciation of American society's ostracism of the sexual invert, men and women across the nation confessed their anguish, their isolation, and their appreciation to the lecturer for giving them back their self-respect.

Wherever she went on her lecture tours, she was apt to be hounded by the police, threatened with physical harm by vigilantes, or at the very least denied a permit to speak on some pretext. Partly for her own self-defense, therefore, she took a leading role in the founding of the Free Speech League in 1903. Eight years later, she struck another blow for liberty when a speech she gave in St. Louis aroused a young Harvard man to a sense of what he might do with his life. Throughout his long career as a defender of civil liberties, Roger Baldwin has never forgotten how much that speech in St. Louis and his subsequent friendship with Goldman meant to his moral imagination.

Yet at the very time that Baldwin was organizing the National Civil Liberties Bureau to combat the Red Scare of 1919-1920, the political hysteria of the period brought the American career of Emma Goldman to a close. As her biographer, Richard Drinnon, points out, she had denounced the Spanish-American War without incident; but when she opposed the draft and other aspects of our involvement in World War I, the government deported her. (No one worked more tirelessly toward getting rid of her than a former George Washington University student who had been recently named head of the Justice Department's General Intelligence Division, J. Edgar Hoover.) In death, though, she came back to America for good. On May 18, 1940, the Immigration and Naturalization Service permitted her corpse to be transported from Toronto, Canada, to a grave in the Waldheim Cemetery in Chicago, where the Haymarket anarchists are also buried.

Kenneth S. Lynn

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Notable

Animals in Art and Thought by Francis Klingender

(MIT Press; $25.00)

To psychoanalyze an Australian bushman, or other primitive man, from the evidence of cave paintings of animals is a fascinating twist to anthropological study. One is taken back, for example, to the beginnings of the incest taboo, which was "unknown to the lower animals and consequently a cultural achievement of the greatest magnitude," and given a Freudian analysis of the manifest meaning of a complicated picture-story of a successful hunt – not a rite to bring food, but a wish on the part of the young to compete with, or destroy, daddy. Even back among the paleoliths there was much to suppress.

To focus on animals is, for a Freudian, to be ideally situated, since almost without exception the animals may be taken as a form of meaning displacement. Animal-shaped totem ancestors became, later, anthropomorphic gods, and the hunter's relationship with animals was replaced by the herdsman's, and then the city dweller's, but in the persistent fascination of animal imagery lay deep sublimated yearnings that were enacted in the art even when it became very sophisticated – became, that is, art rather than ritual.

The Greeks were the ones, as always, leading the way to modern man's art with animals; they "took the magic out" and gave us as a result highly naturalistic animal shapes and also, eventually, Aesop. Aesop completed "the transition from beast-magic to beast-symbol"; his stories had the practical functions of concealing dangerous thoughts and "sweetening the pill of moral instruction," but in their emphasis on animal character they also fitted in nicely with Aristotelian notions, and pointed the way to the emblematic art of medieval times (the unicorn, for example, as romantic love, being ridden by no less than a woodwose, i.e., man's brutish passions).

And onward the book goes, through the Barbarians who sacked Rome and brought back the hunt (and animal-hero confusions); then on to the Byzantine, the Romanesque and several shades of the Gothic, leading at last to chivalry and footnotes.

Francis Klingender died fifteen years ago. He had planned to carry the study through the 19th Century, and had left notes, but the editors Evelyn Antal and John Harthan wisely decided not to try to fill in for him. As it stands the book is an enormous editing and publishing venture, very beautiful and thorough with 300 illustrations – at $25 in these times a bargain.

The Blood Oranges by John Hawkes

(New Directions; $6.95)

Though Cyril, Hawkes' narrator, has only one visible occupation, making love, he has nearly all the gifts of a distinguished novelist. True, his prose is a bit too elegant, and his thoughts arty. He is quick to catch analogies, sees ordinary birds as messengers of omen, and finds that the Mediterranean village he's visiting with his wife Fiona is the Illyria of *Twelfth Night* slightly updated. All in all his estheticism is an invertebrate principle with no other good than pleasure. Also, the number of his sexual conquests would seem to call for a computer.

Fiona, who tolerates Cyril's sexual adventuring until it brings tragedy, advises her husband before the disaster comes, "Baby, we can do whatever we want to do." Snob, esthete, lecher, he carries his doing to its bitter conclusion. And it is his doom never to know he is doomed.

Correspondence

Lincoln Center

Sirs:

Stanley Kauffmann's somewhat peevish synopsis of the "Drama at Lincoln Center" (October 23) is highly inaccurate. Apparently he garnered his information from sources at the City Center which, in this controversy at least, have proven to be highly unreliable.

The suggestion that the City Center purchase the Beaumont Theater building did not originate with the City Council. It sprung from either Mr. Richard Clurman's fertile imagination or Mr. Amyas Ames'. There were no definite plans, it developed, for replacement of the Forum Theater; it might be rebuilt to one side or another, but it would not be moved as is – it couldn't be. The Committee to preserve the Forum first suggested to Mr. Clurman that if he would agree to leave the Forum alone we would withdraw our objections. He refused. Then we began a more thorough examination of the City Center plan, which turned out to be a wormy apple.

Mr. Kauffmann is wrong on a few points:

1. The Repertory has been making enough money to pay for the upkeep of the theater by income from tickets and from contributions by foundations.

2. Its artistic record, which we find wanting in some respects, is hardly a disaster. In the last 3 years, 9 of its 12 shows in the Beaumont have received good or excellent reviews from 13 top critics in various media. The Forum Theater from the majority of this same group of 13 critics received favorable notices on 7 of 12 shows – an extremely creditable record for an experimental theater.

3. It was not our intention to substitute our judgment for management's judgment. If the Repertory Theater's Board of Directors is satisfied with Mr. Irving's record that's their business. Far from incidentally, the sketchy outlines presented to the Beaumont by City Cen-

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ter guaranteed that Mr. Irving would not be interfered with by Mr. Clurman – an indication that Mr. Clurman's plans did not include Mr. Irving as a target.

4. The so-called plan – which is not a plan – envisioned by City Center called for an increased deficit – not a decrease. Mr. Clurman's argument was that his Board could raise the increased amount – not earn it by income from the three movie houses. (In view of the current blight in movie houses throughout the city, we argued we needed three more movie houses as badly as Lear needed another daughter.)

5. Nowhere at any time did Mr. Clurman speak of Repertory Theater at Lincoln Center. His main objective was to create these movie houses plus a motion picture museum. (It was this museum that would have obliged him to invade and reshape the backstage area at the Beaumont – lower the Grid by 20 feet, etcetera, etcetera.) Mr. Clurman in meeting with us admitted he could not reconstruct the Forum as is elsewhere in the Repertory building – it would have had to be smaller and obviously could not have been the same.

6. No one seriously objects to the showing of film at Lincoln Center. At the time Mr. Kauffmann was writing his review, the Beaumont was host for the Film Festival at Lincoln Center.

7. In recent weeks, new activity in the Board of the Beaumont has produced energetic opposition to the City Center's proposal and revealed some interesting facts which refute Mr. Clurman's statements. Last season at the Beaumont produced no deficit – actually there was an $88,000 surplus. In the six years of its operation it has always managed to raise its deficit. It has been burdened with a heavy percentage of the cost of maintaining the entire Lincoln Center operation. It was not in danger of going under financially and is presently making an effort to keep the theater open during the entire year.

The group of actors, critics, playwrights, directors, producers and theater people who form the committee for which we speak, are not to be dismissed as "knee-jerk Culture defenders." They are thoughtful people who were deeply troubled to see the hope for an eventual true repertory theater of international stature, threatened by a vague and badly misrepresented scheme. They are not, I think, blind – neither is Mr. Kauffmann. He simply read the wrong script.

Dore Schary
New York City

In reply . . .

Brief answers to Mr. Schary's numbered points:

1. This was never in question, and it's not the issue. See No. 7.

2. Mr. Schary is impressed with critical box scores. I and many others whose judgment I respect are less impressed with such statistics – because of the Beaumont productions themselves.

3. If the Repertory Theater's board is satisfied with Mr. Irving's record, it's most distinctly *not* their business alone. It's the business of anyone who's not persuaded by box scores. As I made clear, Mr. Irving's tenure is the major point. If the City Center plans to keep him, that's the strongest argument against them that I've heard.

4. Mr. Clurman said (*NY Times*, Sep. 26) – and I don't yet know any reason why he's less to be believed than Mr. Schary – that his plans would "substantially [reduce] the cost for any theater company performing there." And by now we've all heard those gags about not needing new movie houses. The point is that these three would be very small houses for cinémathèque purposes. To compare them with commercial movie houses and their current troubles is like comparing libraries with bookshops.

5. Who *does* speak of repertory at Lincoln Center, except glibly? Mr. Schary must know that true repertory would cataclysmically increase expenses and that he might as realistically talk of free seats and free meals as true repertory. Of what Mr. Clurman said in meetings, I have no knowledge. If it contradicts what he said in print, particularly about preserving the Forum, he should certainly be called to account.

6. Yes, and film was shown before *that* at Philharmonic Hall and Alice Tully Hall. None of this has anything to do with the hackles raised by the idea of a permanent film installation.

7. The surplus on theater operations is not the point. The trouble is precisely the share of the Lincoln Center upkeep that the theater must bear *in addition* to its own operating expenses.

I hold no particular brief for the City Center people. My reasons for supporting their plan are: the artistic level of Mr. Irving's regime is poor; the new plan seems a way to help the upkeep problem sensibly; a revised financial situation might make it possible to attract a new artistic director (no good man would be likely to step into the present grim and artistically constricting situation); and a better artistic level might attract the huge financial support that fine artistic organizations in other fields need and get.

If change is rejected, Mr. Irving will be cemented into his job, the present humdrum productions will continue, the assistance from the projected film theaters will not be available, and the annual upkeep crisis will continue. To meet the latter, a plan has lately been proposed by a Schary supporter. (*Times*, Oct. 23.) Five hundred patrons are each to give $1000 a year, in return for opening night seats and invitations to parties where they'll meet "celebrated actor, playwright and producer members." And Mr. Schary objects to my phrase "knee-jerk Culture defenders"!

Stanley Kauffmann

Evett, *from page 22*

much as we know about why a person would *want* to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The man who likes Bach and prefers him to other composers may dispose of the Bellini-Donizetti-early Verdi group as trashmongers. The other opinion is that their operas, substantial vehicles for singers, are rich in melody. Fishing "Casta Diva" out of the air, I can say only that the melodies are, for the main part, interesting studies in ornamentation and nothing more – not rich at all compared with the arias of Bach or Handel. The principal reason for dismissing their music as trash, however, has to do with matters aside from melody: harmony consisting in the main of the blandest and dullest clichés of the period; constant reliance on those stereotyped accompanimental figures that are a total escape from the plainest responsibilities of the composer towards his medium; and a simple, flatfooted insensitivity to the instruments of the orchestra. Incompetence is not at all the subject of this essay, but when there is an abundance of it, what are you to do about it? If you can shut off so much of your listening apparatus that, like some tape-recorder with microphones in which the volume control can be turned up or down, you can tune out what doesn't much interest

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you, and listen to the results, then you won't be bothered at all by what I find objectionable in this music. I say it's trash. Pushed to the wall, I would say that by abandoning so much of his art, the composer has sold the art short — so short that what is left is an emaciated caricature of the real article. If you don't think that "Cara Nome" from *Rigoletto* is trash, we don't have much to say to each other.

Such music could be defended from the charges I have made by pointing out that the weaknesses are only the conventions of the period and that any period, from the Gregorian chant right up to the present, has conventions that could be called clichés. This is correct, since style itself proceeds from devices the composer has mastered and uses in preference to others. The merit of a composer is often shown by the extent to which he is able to control his own conventions, as opposed to the way he is controlled by them. In the late 18th century, for instance, an accompanimental figure known as the Alberti bass – a blessing to composers in a hurry – became a threat, small but real, to the musical art. It is a form of broken chord in which alternate notes of the chord waddle after each other endlessly. Everybody used it, including Mozart and Haydn. Though the results were not always disastrous, the presence of Alberti figuration, as a general rule, is a sign that Genius is not At Work but rather taking the day off.

In the Romantic era, the ordinary arpeggio became the coward's way out. Without it, we would not have such bonbons as Debussy's "Reverie" and Christian Sinding's "Rustle of Spring." But marvelous pieces have been built around just this accompanimental figure: The very first of the Chopin etudes, one of the most powerful of the lot, is nothing but the cliché developed to extravagant proportions, and composers as late as Ravel were able to use the device effectively. However, when the antiromantic reaction set in about the time of the First World War, the arpeggio was one of the first of the old devices to go. It had been used for fifty years to perfume what is known in the trade as French Shit, and its very presence – as in Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music* – is enough to make the whole piece suspect.

There is a process which I shall call Trashification, in which music, through no fault of its own, so deteriorates in quality that what was acceptable to the taste of one period becomes unacceptable to the taste of another. We have lost a number of good pieces and good composers this way. Any one of four things can happen: 1) a piece can be played so much and become so overfamiliar that whatever was meaningful in it is lost; 2) the gestures associated with a style can become so commonplace that they are no longer meaningful; 3) a composer or his work can be so contaminated by inferior imitations as to become indistinguishable from them; 4) a composer infatuated with the stylistic element of his own music can stress style at the expense of substance and, in so doing, by imitating himself to death, start a procession of his works to the scrap heap.

There are countless examples of this sort of thing, and one of the most unfortunate of the first type is what happened to Cesar Franck. Franck was a composer of great originality, one of the few French composers of his period – compare him with Gounod, for instance – who could write a virile literature. He was able to assimilate the technical notions of other composers – Wagner, for instance – without losing his own individuality. And of his popular works – respected a generation ago but no longer – the Symphony, the Violin Sonata, the Prelude, Chorale and Fugue are as good as they ever were. The one thing they have in common with trash is that their appeal is immediate and, because it is immediate, the attentive listener does not need to have it drilled into him over and over again. As a consequence, the major works of Franck are rarely offered to the discriminating listener any more, except for the Symphonic Variations, which is used as the score for a Balanchine ballet. What is worse, works of Franck that have never been popular – his oratorio *Les Béatitudes*, orchestra pieces such as *Les Eolides* and *Le Chausseur Maudit* – have dropped out of sight. The great works of Franck have been trashified and are, in the main, reserved for the young and the culturally deprived.

As for the overuse of the gestures of a style: my own choice would be certain composers of the Baroque, most especially Vivaldi, who, in a series of concertos like *The Seasons* relies so heavily on endless reiteration of stencilled patterns that his music sounds like a man rattling on but saying nothing. Most people will not agree with me about Vivaldi. With Liszt we are on safer ground. People do not get themselves lynched for saying that Liszt wrote trash. The interesting thing is that Liszt didn't write trash all the time. In the purely orchestral pieces, there are pages on end which, whatever the merits of the music, are not merely mechanical. A very great deal of Liszt's piano music is trash because it is automatic writing. In both concertos and surely in the *Hungarian Rhapsodies*, *Anneés de Pelèrinage*, and other big piano pieces, the show-stopping devices – the glittering cadenzas that endlessly prevent the composer from getting to the point and the solutions to standard virtuoso problems such as fast octaves and double notes – become the stuff of cheapness itself.

Liszt probably loved trash more than any other major composer. Lord knows, he wrote enough of it. But I sometimes suspect that the reason *Mazeppa* and *Les Preludes* are not trashier than they are is that Liszt was not secure enough with the orchestra, not sufficiently deft with *its* empty gestures to exploit them fully.

One of the most tragic cases of a composer borne down by inferior imitations is that of Mendelssohn. When I recently heard a performance of *Elijah*, it hit me forcibly that Mendelssohn is the arch-victim of the genteel Christianity of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant churches. Every one of those unspeakable anthems, every dismal soprano solo that you are likely to hear in a nonliturgical service, is bound to have some Mendelssohn in its pedigree. You can create your own trash at home by taking one of Medelssohn's most inspired musical ideas – the melody for horn from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* nocturne – and arranging it as a bass aria to a text adapted from the 23rd Psalm:

So far as I know, this particular abomination has never actually been carried out, principally because there have

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been plenty of British and American composers, from Sir Arthur Sullivan through the late Leo Sowerby, who have been capable of turning out endless quantities of this stuff without resorting to plagiarism. The amazing thing here is that, without using any of the arranger's tricks, a splendid piece can be converted into trash merely by distorting the composer's intention, by conveying a mood that had not crossed the composer's mind. But one need not go to this extreme – real arias from the real *Elijah* will do perfectly well – to find perfectly good pieces by Mendelssohn that can be dismissed as trash because they sound so very much like music ("The Lost Chord", for instance) that is trash.

We now come to the decline, though not necessarily the fall, of Fréderic François Chopin. I doubt that Chopin was any more obsessed with his own mannerisms than Bach was with his. But Chopin was a creature of habit. As a cow gives milk, Chopin gave Chopin. The fact that all of his music sounds very much alike but is of unequal merit has plagued critics and musicians. In 1908, the American critic and Chopinophile James Huneker published an essay followed by anthology, called *The Greater Chopin*, the object of which was to separate Chopin's works of substance from his entertainments. Huneker's collection is not heavy with mazurkas and waltzes, because it was clear even fifty years ago that, however polite the language used to describe them, most of these pieces were trash.

Though his popularity continues, the last fifty years have been surprisingly rough on Chopin. Schnabel, at some point after his international reputation was established, made public a list of composers whose work he would perform in public, and Chopin's name did not appear. Since then, the pianists who have become famous as profound interpreters – Gieseking, for instance, or Casadesus among the older generation – have not been celebrated for their Chopin. The great living Chopin players – Rubenstein and Horowitz will do – are not celebrated for their profundities, but for their technical virtuosity.

It may well be that what happened to Massenet a couple of generations ago is now happening to Chopin. Two of the works of the Greater Chopin – the piano concertos – have lost a lot of ground. Like the Grieg, they are performed constantly, but mostly at pops concerts, or at summer-in-the-park concerts, where the fastidious listener, if he stumbles in, does so at his own risk. As for the other great works of Chopin: the sonatas are gone; most of the polonaises are gone; one of the scherzos (the one with "How Dry I Am" in it), not quite half of the preludes, a half dozen of the etudes, are gone. The Fantasy Impromptu is in the trash-bin, where it is waiting for the G-minor and F-minor ballades to join it. In fairness, all of this music has been played to death and, being fairly obvious stuff, needs a rest. But most of the pieces I have mentioned are not trash. Their only fault is that they sound like Chopin, and whether that Chopin is some silly little mazurka or a piece as big and bold as the Andanta Spianato & Grande Polonaise, there is a whiff – and it may only be a whiff – of sentimentality, of banality, of fuss and feathers, which you get when Chopin imitates Chopin.

Closely related to trashification is overperformance. One of the great ornaments of Western civilization is its musical literature, and if it were considered a natural resource, there would be conservationists devoted to preserving it from exhaustion through excessive use. But since there is no way of rationing it, and since techniques of recording make such an enormous portion of the repertory available for unlimited hearing, there is a pile next to the junk heap where they keep the pieces that have been played out but whose merit has never been in serious doubt. Thus, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. E. M. Forster claimed that this was the greatest piece of music ever written. Perhaps it is because of a generation gap – Forster was 45 years older than I – that I have never, in my entire life, heard anyone make the same statement. Nevertheless the Beethoven Fifth is as properly entitled to this superlative as are a dozen pieces that have received it. The trouble is that people over forty who are interested have heard the piece too many times and, for the most part, lost interest in it. The Fifth will very likely come into its own again, but only when it is rediscovered by people who can hear it with fresh ears.

I have said nothing about trash in popular music, though this field is particularly rich, going back well into the 18th century. The reason for this omission is that popular music is normally arranged, whereas trash in the sense that I am discussing it must come to us in a form as close as possible to that in which the composer left it. A transcription of "O, Thou Sublime, Sweet Evening Star" for organ may be trash, but it certainly is not Wagner. And does anybody *really* know "Stardust"? I know the tune, like it, and don't think it is trash. But I don't know the piece as Hoagy Carmichael wrote it.

If I have said nothing about 20th-century trash, it is not because there isn't any, but because many of the best examples are relatively unknown. If certain Soviet pieces – the finale of the Shostakovitch Fifth, the Khatchaturian piano concerto – are trash, it is the trash of another era which got thrust into our century by accident. To maintain, as one young critic has done, that Schoenberg's "Survivor from Warsaw" is a sentimental and vulgar work, is audacious. Few of us are so familiar with any modern style to say, as I am about to, that Bartok's folksy suite, Opus 4, is as empty as the most vapid nationalistic music of Grieg; or that the Stravinsky piano sonata is a flop.

However, even the most unfinished of evolving styles have some of the elements of trash. In post-Webernian pointillism, for instance, the wide leap has become a cliché and, in many cases, is used as a technical device rather than an aesthetic one. And in electronic music, there are two mannerisms that are already becoming uncomfortably overfamiliar: the pulseless, vacuum-cleaner hum, as in Berio's *Visage*, and the ostinato produced by putting a sequence of synthetic sounds on a piece of magnetic tape and repeating it endlessly, like the accompanimental figures in old-fashioned art songs. It is impossible to predict what the trash of the future will be like, but the impulse to write it did not die with Carrie Jacobs Bond.

There is an important distinction to be made between trash and other forms of bad music. Trash almost always has a clear, direct impact: it can be amusing, it can be pious, but it almost always has some profile. Other bad music – the symphonies of Spohr, perhaps, or the most earnest works of our own contemporaries – may have great pretensions, or aim at being edifying, or settle for being merely boring. But trash is rarely dull. This is why people continue writing it and continue to enjoy listening to it.

Robert Evett

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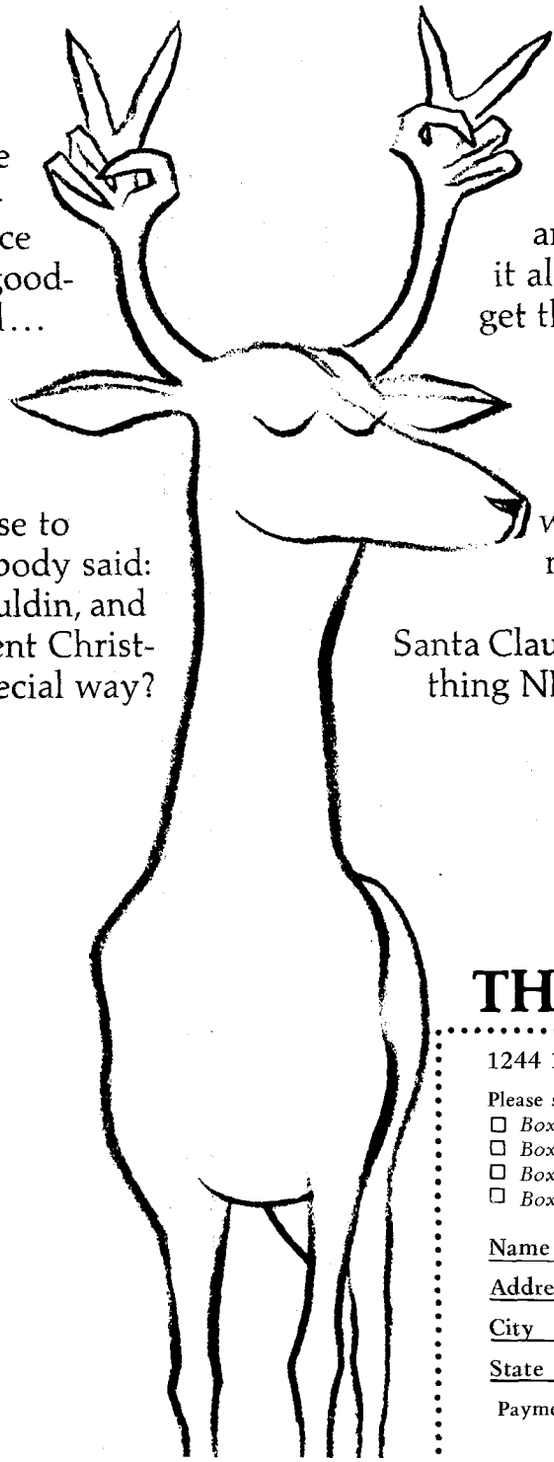

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